"COOL WORLD"

Written by

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THIRD DRAFT
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COOL WORLD

FADE IN:

INT. SAN FRANCISCO COUNTY HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - 1937

TITLE - SAN FRANCISCO COUNTY HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - 1937

ON FRANK HARRIS -

a ruggedly handsome man in his early thirties lies on a gurney. WE SEE he is strapped down. His eyes are open but his expression reveals nothing. TWO ATTENDANTS pushing the gurney talk about Harris as if he were not there.

ATTENDANT #1
What's his story?

ATTENDANT #2
A cop. Lost his mind.

They move through a set of double doors marked ELECTRO CONVULSIVE THERAPY. Even though he doesn't move, we see the anxiety in Harris' eyes.

INT. ELECTRO STIMULATOR ROOM - HARRIS

being strapped to a table. They attach electrodes to him.

TECHNICIAN
Nothing like a little Edison
Medicine to clear the brain.

ATTENDANT #1
Like to sneak my mother-in-law in
here. Give her some.

ATTENDANT #2
This stuff ever work?

TECHNICIAN
Who knows.

BACK ON HARRIS

HARRIS' FLASHBACK - NO SOUND

He busts open a door on a raid and sees a young BOY shooting heroin into his FRIEND's arm.

BACK TO PRESENT - ON TECHNICIAN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TECHNICIAN
Well, ready or not...

He moves towards the dials to begin the shock treatment.

ON HARRIS - FLASHBACK - NO SOUND

He's at a hold-up. A twenty-five year old frightened hopped up DESPERADO holds a sixteen year old GIRL in front of him. HARRIS is trying to talk the GUY down. CAMERA swings and we see a UNIFORMED COP arrive unexpectly on foot.

CLOSE ON DESPERADO

He panics, he begins to squeeze the trigger.

ON HARRIS

SCREAMS "NO!"

BACK TO PRESENT

As electric currents jolt through Harris' body.

FLASH CUT TO:

HARRIS reaches into a garbage dumpster and pulls out a bundle of newspapers plastered with Hitler's mug. He opens the newspaper and sees a newborn baby.

BACK TO PRESENT - ON HARRIS -

SOUND BURSTS UPON us as he SCREAMS "NO". His eyes are wide open, burning with rage. He jerks upright, breaking the straps.

HARRIS
NO MORE! NO!

SUDDENLY THERE IS THE MOST AMAZING RENT IN THE PHYSICAL REALITY OF THE WORLD...IT STARTS TO BREAK the space of the room. There is a blinding WHITE FLASH. Then the space reconstitutes itself...but Harris is gone.

SOUND OF EXPLOSION CONTINUES OVER as we...

CUT TO:

INT. COOL WORLD (ANIMATED) - DARK INTERROGATION ROOM - CLOSE ON HARRIS

seated in a chair, barely conscious, exhausted, his eyes and face puffy. We HEAR the VOICES of his INTERROGATORS over. This scene is surreal, dreamlike and frightening.

INTERROGATOR #1
How'd you get here skinpuss?

INTERROGATOR #2
Who sent you?

HARRIS
(weak)
I...don't know. Who are you?

INTERROGATOR #1
We ask the questions!

HARRIS P.O.V.

A surreal blur. Through his unfocused eyes the Interrogators might actually be some kind of burly animated creatures but we're not sure.

INTERROGATOR #2
You comin' over for a cheap thrill?

ON HARRIS

He doesn't answer. "Is this a dream or a nightmare?" We see confusion in his eyes. "Am I dead? Is this hell?" Harris is constrained in the chair by cords or binding of some kind.

HARRIS
I was goin' nuts, straight outta my head...

INTERROGATOR #1
Insanity's no excuse pal, not when you pose a threat to the balance of a whole universe...

HARRIS
You guys sound nuttier than me...

He tries to clear his vision...

HARRIS
You're not even doctors are ya, a second ago you were doctors...

CONTINUED:

INTERROGATOR #2
You don't know what it is you got yourself into, Bud...

HARRIS
You gonna torture me...

INTERROGATOR #1
That's an ugly word...

HARRIS
These chains, they're kinda funny lookin' aren't they?

He starts to giggle and laugh and cry maniacally, and he just moves his arms and the chains break instantly...

HARRIS
They aren't real...

INTERROGATOR #2
I wouldn't go that far...

HARRIS
You two...you...you...look like ...animals...like rabbits...

INTERROGATOR #1
So what? You don't look so fabulous yourself pal...

Harris maniacally tries to grab them, from his newly freed position and his hands go right through their strange animal bodies...

HARRIS
My God...you're not solid...you're not real...you're not even human!!!

Suddenly another figure who has been in the room the whole time in the shadows steps forward, he is old, benign, human in shape but a cartoon in density. The figure is a good doctor in a lab coat, with a round face and long side burns and thick round glasses, almost always smiling, kind of a cartoon parody of Doctor Gillespie crossed with Elmer Fudd.

DOCTOR
Course they're not human son...they're doodles.

INTERROGATOR #1
Back off, Doc, this man may be dangerous...

CONTINUED: 2

HARRIS
C-c-c-c-c-cartoons?

He starts to laugh maniacally...

HARRIS
What a trip!

DOCTOR
This man's not dangerous...to anyone except maybe himself...as for us, son...we may not be real to you...as yet...but we will be... you've come to a whole new world.

HARRIS
No shit.

DOCTOR
You've done something extremely rare, almost unique...we call it a special inter-Zone mind slip that achieved additional corporeal authenticity...

HARRIS
How's that...

DOCTOR
You see, most of the contact we have with humans is just weird psychic visits, some angry or creative or demented weirdo, comes near to the tunnel connecting our world to yours and sends some of his stray psychic flotsam in our direction, and we send him some of ours...no one ever really makes the whole trip in-body...you must have suffered horribly back there, to travel this far, to endure the extremely painful stress of inter-zone travel...

HARRIS
It was bad...but this looks worse...

INTERROGATOR #2
Complain, complain, complain...we puts some ropes on you, and you broke out of 'em without even tryin', we haven't even started to tickle ya...

CONTINUED: 3

INTERROGATOR #1
Or whack ya with fryin' pans...

INTERROGATOR #2
Or throw you off a cliff...

INTERROGATOR #1
Or have you get explosives go off in your face and your face get all sooty, ecchh...

HARRIS
Cartoons...hmm...but wait...but wait...we made you...at home in Hollywood, in the funny papers we made you...

DOCTOR
You been watching us and thinking about us...and we been watching you and thinking about you...you draw us, sure...but you draw a lotta things that were there before you drew them...just bein' creative don't make you God, son...

All through this speech the Doc has been probing Harris, cleaning him up, making him stick out his tongue, pointing a light in his eye, dooing toonish versions of doctorly behavior.

DOCTOR
Truth is...the tunnel between the zones and the structure of the inter-zone matrix and the possibility of inter-zone travel has been just an itsy-bitsy, slightly huge bug of an obsession with yours truly lo these many years.

He picks Harris up and takes him by the arm, Harris is too flabbergasted to resist.

INTERROGATOR #1
Hey Doc, where you think you're going...

INTERROGATOR #2
Yeah, we ain't done with him yet...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 4

DOCTOR
This man, is not for you, he is not a police problem...he is a mystery of science and a hero to boot... like a pioneer, or a discoverer, or a space traveller...

INTERROGATOR #1
What a bunch of guff Doc...

INTERROGATOR #2
Get out of fantasy Doc, this is reality we're dealin' with...

HARRIS
Sorry to disappoint you Doc, I'm just one messed up San Francisco police detective...

Doc leads him down a corridor...

DOCTOR
San Francisco... hmm...hmm...I've heard of that... town...foggy isn't it...and hills, and they have a bridge, right?

HARRIS
The Golden Gate they call it...

DOCTOR
The Golden Gate, huh?

HARRIS
Whaddya call it...what do I call you, Doc?

DOCTOR
They call me Doctor Whiskers, cause of my whisker I guess...Hmm...San Francisco, tell me more about this gate, that sounds real interesting.

TITLE - SAN QUENTIN PENITENTIARY, NEAR SAN FRANCISCO, THE PRESENT

EXT. - PRISON - AERIAL SHOT - (LIVE ACTION)

We are travelling at the speed of sound...past the walls, past the exercise yards, past the corridors where men sit in their cells, and stop unbelievably, on a dime over the shoulder of Jack Deebs. Jack sits at his draftsman table drawing furiously, his eyes locked in concentration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack is somewhere in his 30's, lean and strong, not quite handsome. His features have an innocence that surprises us.

ANGLE

The CAMERA is DRAWN IN to him as WE ARE, because there is something about him that captivates us. He has an energy that pushes out from somewhere deep within him. He is like a spring that has been wound tighter and tighter each day of his life. As he looks up we PULL BACK and SEE the walls around him are covered with mural size tattoos: snakes twirling around a pair of dice, skulls with top hats and eyes sprouting fire, a dagger thrust through a red rose dripping blood, a naked girl riding a Harley "hog" - hair flying out behind her into the image of a death's head. More intricate Yakuza style tattoos cover the ceiling along with Jesus crucified, and a painting of Michaelangelo's "Pieta." As Jack continues to draw furiously, oblivious to us, we peek over his shoulders and we see he's drawing a twenty year old punked out vixen with alabaster skin, turquoise eyes, short blonde razor cut hair and a 36-24-33 body poured in a micro mini leather skirt, knee high boots, a white lace bra under an open motorcycle jacket. This is Debbie Dallas.

ON JACK doing the finishing touches on Debbie...he grins at her obsessively...

JACK (V.O.)
You look just great baby...

JACK HEARS Debbie's VOICE WHISPERING but cannot make out what she's saying. (This is in his head only.)

CUT TO:

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON JACK

Brightly illuminated in his prison blues, he sits slouched in a chair, his eyes downward, with his hands folded across his chest. He looks as if he's in a meditative state.

SAWYER (V.O.)
Jack?

ANOTHER ANGLE as Jack slowly looks up. We SEE he is sitting across from DIANE SAWYER. They are surrounded by Klieg lights, camera and sound equipment, and a full production staff.

SAWYER
Are you ready?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We SEE Jack's public personality kick in. He is relaxed, confident and able to charm. But Jack has no boundaries and he becomes too friendly too quick. Sawyer is uncomfortable around him but tries to cover it.

JACK
(smiles)
Sure, Diane.

Sawyer picks up a piece of paper to read the "quotes" from.

SAWYER
(to someone off screen)
Roll it, Ed.
(beat; to Jack)
Some people have called your comic the warped work of a sinner, while one critic has called you, "the greatest illustrator of our generation, expressing the rage of the disenfranchised youth." How do you respond to such statements?

JACK
(chuckles)
When you live in a prison cell the esoteric opinions of critics seem, well...
(smiles)
...distant.
(beat)
People are free to say and think what they want. That's what makes this a great country. For myself, I'm not a leader. Nor am I anyone our young people should follow.
(looks into news camera)
I'm not that important.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON JACK as we HEAR Sawyer ask another question.

INT. ISABELLE MALLEY'S HOUSE - ASHBURY HEIGHTS, SAN FRANCISCO - SAME - CLOSE ON T.V.

JACK (ON T.V.)
I'm just grateful I'm able to channel my energies in a positive manner.

REVERSE ANGLE - ISABELLE MALLEY'S LIVING ROOM

CONTINUED:

an attractive woman in her mid-thirties, she watches Jack Deebs with personal interest. She is intense, worried, and frightened.

AL (V.O.)
(responding to T.V.)
"Positive manner"...Like stabbing your wife nine times.

CUT TO:

INT. SHELTON'S GRILL - MIKE AND AL - SAME

Two heavy set POLICE DETECTIVES watch the interview on a T.V. angled above the food counter. AL GORDON, pock-marked and energetic, is always chewing gum, smoking or eating. MIKE VALPONDESTA is a sarcastic big man. They have known each other since 9th grade and are very much a pair. They both eat burgers, fries and milk shakes.

MIKE
(to Al - sarcastic)
Haven't you ever heard of rehabilitation?

AL
Only way to rehab this freak is to kill him.

They don't smile. This isn't funny to them.

CUT TO:

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - JACK AND DIANE SAWYER

SAWYER
How do you know you won't commit murder again?

JACK
What I've done has been with me every day and every night. I've repented. I've prayed. I'm in control of my emotions. What I did was wrong. And I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAWYER
Let's speak for a moment about the extraordinary cast of characters you've created in Cool World... Debbie Dallas, Sparks, the gangster, Nails the somewhat befuddled but implacable police agent...they're creatures of great vitality and color but they're...a little off...

JACK
They're all friends of mine since childhood Diane, distilled images of life that are hopefully illuminating, truthful with the help of a little magic here and there...There's always only one question in Art, Diane, by leaving reality behind can you reach perhaps a different reality...a sort of hidden truth...if you can't travel to find that hidden truth then what's the point...

SAWYER
Speaking of traveling, in the Cool World your characters dream of utilizing a mysterious Spike of Power, and travelling to our world which they would be magically capable of entering as real people...would Jack Deebs like to reverse that process, and ravel into the world of doodles?

JACK
No one's given me a ticket as yet, Diane...

He laughs. The attempt is to be mature and sardonic, but you can see the notion gets to him.

CUT TO:

LAUGHTER IS HEARD OVER...

INT. PRISON - T.V. ROOM

cement and barren except for a T.V. on a table and two rows of wooden benches filled with TWENTY INMATES, both black and white, enjoying this show. They throw out comments, i.e. "beautiful Jack, you're a saint."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON JACK

watching with them he smiles as he HEARS his interview amidst the inmates comments.

JACK (V.O.)
(on T.V.)
Now I just want to be a productive member of a free society once again.

INMATE #1
Yeah honey, the check's in the mail and I won't come in your mouth.

They all LAUGH, patting Jack on the back. He puts on a smile for them. Then his expression becomes serious. WE SEE the struggle between light and dark even in his expressions as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ISABELLE

moves to the T.V. to turn it off. Her sixteen year old daughter, JENNIFER, the essence of innocent sexuality with brunette hair half-way down her back and an angelic face, stands behind her in jeans and a crop top.

JENNIFER
Mom, it's him.

ISABELLE
Yes.

JENNIFER
Are they letting him out?

ISABELLE
(worried)
Yes.

Jennifer frowns.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - T.V. ROOM - SAME - CLOSE ON JACK

Jack watches Diane Sawyer's closing statements on T.V.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAWYER
(on T.V.)
So that concludes our talk with a powerful American original, Jack Deebs. I think we can all agree his inner world is an extraordinary place to visit, but we wouldn't want to live there.

Everyone seems to recede into the background and all SOUND DIES OUT.

JACK (V.O.)
(thoughts)
Women. They're like a club. I know she just used me for ratings. If I wasn't famous she wouldn't have looked at me if I begged her.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S JAIL CELL - DAY - ECU TATTOO

of a Latino warrior with snakes twisting around his arms. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Jack putting the finishing touches onto the back of CHICO ALVAREZ, 35, a Mexican Mafia soldier, a lifer. Jack moves the tattoo machine with expert precision and dabs away the blood with cotton balls.

MOODY MUSIC PLAYS

ANGLE ON FOUR LATINO SOLDIERS

standing in the doorway of the cell. They watch the Master of this jailhouse body art with interest and fear. To them Jack has almost Shamanistic powers.

BACK TO SCENE

As Jack turns off the machine and smiles at his work.

JACK
Good. You're done...

Chico gets up. He looks to his Soldiers for their reaction. They nod, impressed. Chico is proud. SOLDIER #1 hands Chico ten packs of cigarettes. He hands them to Jack. Jack smiles and nods his head "no".

JACK
Keep them. My time's short.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHICO
You be cool out there in the world, amigo.

JACK
(nods; smiles)
I will.

Chico turns to exit and then turns back.

CHICO
Listen 'Homes', there's somethin' I've wanted to ask...and now, you know, since you're gettin' out...

JACK
Ask me anything, Chico.

CHICO
(soft)
When you stabbed her -- the first blow -- was it jealousy or for your honor...

The Soldiers look on interested to hear the answer.

JACK
It wasn't like that, Chico. It was a different part of me -- acting on it's own -- that I was watching.
(beat)
That's why I can honestly say I didn't do it.

Chico looks blank not knowing how to respond to this "logic". Jack smiles.

JACK
But that's what any psychopath will tell you.

CHICO
(chilled)
Uh huh.

ANGLE ON SOLDIERS AND CHICO

who are more than ready to get out of there.

CHICO
Adios, Deebs.

Jack smiles oblivious to their reaction. Chico and his Soldiers exit quickly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

ANGLE

As Jack puts his tattoo needles away he looks up at the walls of his cell and SEES the progression of his years in prison drawn and painted here. ALL SOUND DIES OUT. Jack is deep inside himself.

JACK (V.O.)
In the world people lie to your face, insult and demean you. There is no code of honor. Inside here you know where you stand. You can become someone of stature.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD - SAN QUENTIN PRISON - DAY

Full of PRISONERS standing in packs: The WHITE BROTHERHOOD playing football. The MAU MAU on the basketball court. The MEXICAN MAFIA working out on weights. Various other cliques huddle together talking and joking.

TRACKING ON JACK DEEBS, SKINNY RYAN, FAST SAM AND JOEY CORTESE -

The nerd contingent of the prison. Jack is the obvious leader. He looks ill at ease outside in the open. WE SEE the other inmates looking at the nerds with disdain. Comments are made. Derisive LAUGHTER is HEARD. The VOICES we HEAR now SOUND DISTANT AND FAR OFF.

SKINNY
So what're you gonna do first?

Jack shrugs.

FAST SAM
Right. Stay cool.

JOEY
Get a woman.

SKINNY
Get two women!

They laugh. Jack doesn't. CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT on him.

JACK (V.O.)
These men think I'm like them but I'm not like them.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL - SAME - LATER

JACK (V.O.)
I believe in discipline.

Jack is drawing. Fast Sam enters the cell with a tray of food. Jack barely looks up. On the tray WE SEE rice, vegetables, fruit juice. Jack motions to four packs of cigarettes on the bed. Fast Sam wants to say something to Jack but doesn't want to disturb him. He takes the cigarettes and exits.

JACK (V.O.)
I believe in willpower. They didn't break me in here. While others wallowed in abuses of the flesh I became clean. Prison made me strong.

INT. SAN QUENTIN CORRIDOR - ON JACK

Marching in single file with a FEW HUNDRED OTHER INMATES under the close scrutiny of ARMED GUARDS.

JACK (V.O.)
I don't use drugs, meat, alcohol, tobacco, or caffeine. I'm in control.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S CELL - NIGHT

As Jack draws, the cell door closes and the lights go out. Jack stops drawing.

JACK (V.O.)
I flourished in here! I grew wings and flew!

Jack looks down at the drawing of Debbie Dallas whose pose is blatantly sexual.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO COURT ROOM - DAY - SLOW MOTION (DREAM) - JACK'S P.O.V. -

WE SEE a girl of six on the witness stand (Jennifer Malley). She points to Jack Deebs, accusing him of murder. WE HEAR "Murder" over and over again, louder and louder until...

INT. JACKS' JAIL CELL - ECU ON JACK

Waking from this nightmare soaked with sweat, mouth open in a silent scream. He looks around realizing where he is.

DISSOLVE TO:

JACK - SAME - LATER

furiously drawing Debbie Dallas at his draftman table. There is fear in his eyes.

JACK (V.O.)
(thoughts)
I'm safe here. I'm safe...I'm safe.

ANGLE OVER JACK'S SHOULDER on drawing as Debbie WINKS at Jack seductively, beckoning Jack into her world.

ON JACK

He recoils surprised and starts to move back.

ANGLE

as he's engulfed in white light and NOISE. There is a blinding WHITE FLASH, Jack starts to yell, (as the same effects occur that took Harris) and Jack explodes through to Cool World.

CUT TO:

THE COOL WORLD CITYSCAPE - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT - (ANIMATED)

At first everything is black, and then slowly we realize we are floating down toward some compelling destination. Through clouds of dust and smoke we approach a barely visible city that sprawls like some feral creature from horizon to horizon. Strange SEXY MUSIC SEEMS to OOZE from the heat of the beast below. The wind WHIPS the hot air into a frenzy. EVERYTHING below us is ALIVE and BREATHING. WE PULL CLOSER and CLOSER with morbid fascination -- as if we will finally get a glimpse of our own darkest fantasies here. And although we are afraid, we will go anyway. We have been called. We have no choice. We are with Jack all the way.

CUT TO:

INT. SLASH DANCE CLUB - COOL WORLD - NIGHT

Loud hot MUSIC pulsates through this smoke filled black hole in the wall filled with the hippest, darkest, sexiest CHARACTERS in Cool World. The walls, floor and ceiling are all painted black. Rotating neon skulls twirl on poles, barely illuminating the dancing, drinking, humping, Saturday-night-going-to-hell-clientele.

ANGLE

Everyone faces the dance floor as suddenly behind them, and with a shock, an ALIEN to this world EXPLODES out of a rip in the fabric of the dimension. He crashes with a THUD onto the floor. No one even pays attention to this magnificent event as the human, JACK DEEBS, lies on the floor unconscious. He looks dead, pale, almost blue. Then he GASPS for air, expelling a white jelly-like liquid out of his mouth. He coughs furiously, filling his lungs with precious air. He opens his eyes and the pain of entry hits him. His features spasm as he curls up onto his knees, grabbing his head and belly. And then the pain passes and Jack looks around curiously at this world into which he has been summoned. His expression changes to awe and wonder as he slowly rises to his feet. (He is the only live action character here). JACK'S POINT OF VIEW The CAMERA rises up over the backs of the crowd, shrouded in darkness and shadow, as they encircle the dance floor SHOUTING encouragement at DEBBIE DALLAS, dancing: Bumping, grinding, twisting, spinning, every movement both graceful and sexy.

ON JACK

His jaw goes slack as he SEES the woman of his fantasies moving toward him seductively. Debbie reaches out to touch him.

DEBBIE
(a sexy drawl)
I've been waiting for you, darlin'.

AS SHE MOVES TOWARD HIM HE BEGINS TO RECEDE FAST AS WE...

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON (LIVE ACTION) - ECU ON JACK

waking in a sweat, fully clothed, on his bed. He gets up feeling sick, wired, and cramped. He pulls in air as we...

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - ON JACK

seated, eyes downward, hands across his lap. NEAL LESSER, 30, an affable social worker, enters. Jack becomes alert and smiles.

NEAL
Hello Jack -- I'm Neal Lesser, your reentry counselor.

They shake hands.

JACK
Very nice to meet you, Neal.

Neal takes out a manila folder, a pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

NEAL
First off I want to reassure you that whatever you say to me will be kept in strictest confidence. I'm not part of the penal system. My job's really quite simple -- I'm here to help you.

JACK
(smiles)
Okay.

NEAL
Mind if I smoke?

JACK
No. Not at all.

JACK'S P.O.V. - A NO SMOKING SIGN on the wall behind Neal.

BACK TO SCENE

Jack smiles to himself.

NEAL
(lights up)
You're an unusual case...seems you're already successfully self-employed. A cartoonist, right?

JACK
Exactly.

NEAL
Says here you made two hundred and fifty thousand dollars last year. That's quite an accomplishment.

CONTINUED:

JACK
Thank you, Neal.

Neal marks something in his folder.

NEAL
Well, you must be very anxious to get out.

JACK
Of course.

NEAL
Do you have any fears or anxieties about it?

JACK (V.O.)
He's testing me...Okay...be smart.

JACK
Oh, some. You know about making new friends. I'm concerned about what people will say about my past...things like that.
(beat)
I suppose that's common though, isn't it?

NEAL
Yes. Quite common.

JACK
Good.

NEAL
You seem concerned with fitting in.

JACK (V.O.)
What does he want me to say?

JACK
Yes. I want to be a part of life, Neal. I don't want to be an outsider anymore.

NEAL
(impressed)
Well, when you get out it might be a very good idea to see a counselor or therapist. To have someone to talk things over with while you readjust.

CONTINUED: 2

JACK
Do you think so? Alright. Why don't you give me a few names I can call.

NEAL
Of course.

Neal looks back at the folder.

NEAL
Have you had any bad dreams recently?

JACK (V.O.)
Don't tell him Jackie boy.

JACK
No. I sleep like a baby.

NEAL
So...any other concerns?

JACK
Not that I can think of right now.

NEAL
What about women Jack? You haven't been around them in a long time?

JACK
(big grin)
Now that's something I'm looking forward to.

NEAL
No feelings of aggression or compulsion?

JACK
No sir. Just...well, desire.

NEAL
(smiles)
Yes. Well, that's about it, then Jack.

Neal pulls a comic book from his folder and hands it to Jack, his attitude changing from professional to "fan" almost instantly.

NEAL
It's my son's...one of the first issues of Cool World. Could you...

CONTINUED: 3

JACK
Say, that's great! Sure I'll sign it...

Jack takes Neal's pen and the comic book and signs the cover.

NEAL
I read it myself...really quite inventive. I was particularly fascinated by the fact that your cartoon characters have their own fantasy life, they dreamed up this energetic adventurer who's escaped to Reality...

JACK
Oh, you mean Frisco Fred...Well, escape is something you think about a lot when you're in here, Doc...I think that's pretty normal.

NEAL
I think so too.

Jack starts to exit.

NEAL
I wish you a lot of luck.

JACK
Thank you, Neal.

ECU INSIDE FOLDER

Neal checks the box next to the heading SURVEILLANCE UNNECESSARY.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

An idyllic spring day. Sprinklers wash onto manicured lawns.

TRACKING ON JENNIFER MALLEY AND TWO GIRLFRIENDS - SLOW MOTION - SAME

As they walk down the sidewalk away from school, their short skirts lift in the breeze. WE MOVE IN ON Jennifer CLOSER AND CLOSER as if obsessed. She LAUGHS exuberantly at something that is said and pushes her hair away from her face.

CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY REVEALING

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A black BMW with dark tinted windows cruising slowly down the street beside the three girls. We've been watching Jennifer from this point of view.

BACK ON GIRLS (REGULAR SPEED)

As they look over at the BMW curiously -- it speeds up and disappears around a corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALLEY HOME - DAY - ON JENNIFER

As she enters her house.

REVERSE ANGLE TO...THE HOUSE WITH BLUE SHUTTERS ACROSS THE STREET

ON BLACK BMW

as it pulls into the driveway of the big empty house.

ZOOM IN ON JACK DEEBS

climbing out of the BMW in a black Versace suit, turtle neck sweater and alligator loafers. He looks around nostalgic and HUMS "Happy Trails" softly to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. MALLEY HOUSE - ON FRONT DOOR

AS WE HEAR the doorbell ring, Isabelle MOVES INTO FRAME while chatting to Jennifer (who we don't see off screen). She opens the door.

MOVE IN SLOWLY ON JACK DEEBS.

JACK
Hello Isabelle. Listen, I know you're concerned now that I've come back. But I want you to know that you are perfectly safe.
(beat)
And so is Jennifer.

Isabelle is too stunned to speak.

JACK
I'm in control of my emotions now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISABELLE
(soft)
You son-of-a-bitch!

JACK
I've repented. I've prayed.

JENNIFER (V.O.)
Mom? Who is it?

ISABELLE
(to Jennifer)
Stay where you are!
(to Jack)
Get away from here! Leave us alone!

She slams the door shut in Jack's face.

JACK
(continues speaking to the door)
Of course I understand how you feel but...I...I'm sorry for what I did. And I want to be a good neighbor.

INT. MALLEY HOUSE - ON ISABELLE

She stand with her back to the door as Jack continues talking on the other side.

JACK (V.O.)
So if there's anything I can do for you -- just let me know.

Jennifer moves INTO FRAME looking perplexed. Isabelle grabs her and holds her with desperation. WE HEAR SIRENS OVER.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALLEY HOUSE - SAME

As a San Francisco POLICE CRUISER pulls up to the house.

INT. JACK DEEBS' HOUSE - OVER JACK'S SHOULDER

as he peeks out a second story window at the police across the street. They talk but we don't HEAR. The doorbell rings. Jack turns smiling calmly.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEBS' HOUSE - ON JACK

as he opens the door and looks out at Mike.

MIKE
Hello, Jack.

JACK
Hello, Mike.
(beat)
You look older.

MIKE
Been ten years.

JACK
Yes it has. Well, time flies.

MIKE
Uh huh.
(beat)
You've moved back into your old house, Jack. Do you know who still lives across the street?

JACK
Who?

MIKE
Jennifer Malley lives across the street. Recognize the name?

JACK
Yes I do, Mike. She's the young girl who witnessed the...uh... incident.

MIKE
...the murder. That's right. She testified at your trial.

JACK
Oh, I see. You're concerned that I feel some residual resentment toward her...

MIKE
Do you?

JACK
Absolutely not. Listen, Mike, I'm a different man. Prison was good for me. I have a career now and I want to start a new life. I'm not going to do anything to mess it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
Why'd you move back here, Jack?

JACK
Fortunate timing Mike. The tenant's lease was up and well, so was mine. And you know...this is my home.

MIKE
(bitter)
...Right.
(beat)
We'll be watching you, Jack.

Mike starts to move off.

JACK
Good. Keep an eye on the neighborhood, Mike. And say hello to Al for me.

Mike recoils at this remark but recovers and continues walking.

CUT TO:

JACK

watches Mike leave, and then stares with longing over at the house of Isabelle and Jennifer.

CUT TO:

INT. MALLEY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - LATER

Isabelle is helping Jennifer on with a dress. She's trying to behave as normally as possible but she's very upset and her hands shake as she pins the dress to fit on Jennifer.

ISABELLE
(making conversation)
I really love this color. How's the boy playing Romeo?

JENNIFER
(distracted, looking out window)
Oh...he's fine...you know...cute.

The doorbell rings. Isabelle sticks herself with a pin and blood spurts onto the dress ominously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISABELLE
Oh!

JENNIFER
You okay, Mom?

ISABELLE
(sucking her finger)
Fine. That's the police. Stay up here.

JENNIFER
No way! This involves me too.

Isabelle looks at her daughter who is certainly growing up. She's proud, concerned, frightened, and loves this kid beyond words.

ISABELLE
You're right. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. MALLEY HOUSE - SAME

As they open the door for Police officers Mike and Al. Ad lib hellos and it's obvious everyone knows each other. Isabelle ushers them into the living room and everyone sits uncomfortably.

ISABELLE
So...what are you going to do?

MIKE
I'm afraid there's nothing we can do.

ISABELLE
(shocked)
Excuse me? What did you say?

MIKE
(reluctant)
He's served his time. He's not out on parole. We have no jurisdiction.

JENNIFER
(incredulous)
You're saying this...man...can just move back here?

Mike and Al exchange a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
Look, we'll keep a close watch on the house...

ISABELLE
(sarcastic)
Oh, great! I feel so relieved!
(beat)
My child has lived ten years with the memories of what that maniac did to his wife...and you sit there and tell me we have to go on living with it the rest of our lives?

MIKE
I understand how you feel Mrs. Malley...

ISABELLE
Do you? I don't think so.

MIKE
...the jury found that what he did was a crime of passion with little likelihood of a repeat offense. He found his new bride shacked up with some guy for Christ sake. He flipped.
(beat)
He was a model prisoner. He had no prior record...

ISABELLE
(cutting in)
I know Jack Deebs. I don't trust him.

AL
(sad)
I'm sorry to bring this up but have you thought about moving?

Jennifer is outraged, Isabelle stricken...

JENNIFER
(suddenly very adult)
My mother and I have lived in this house together, for seventeen years...it belonged to her mother and grandmother before that. We are not leaving. Right, Mom?

ISABELLE
No, we're not.

CONTINUED: 2

Mike immediately produces a card and hands it to Isabelle.

MIKE
I'll be at this number or they can beep me, twenty-four hours.

ISABELLE
Thank you.

KROLL
I'm sorry Mrs. Malley.

ISABELLE
Me too.

They exit.

INT. MALLEY HOUSE - FRONT HALL - ON ISABELLE

As she stands with her back against the door feeling the fear rushing over her. Isabelle looks up at her daughter and SEES the fear on her face.

JENNIFER
I wish Dad was here.

ISABELLE
So do I. But he's not.
(beat)
Stay here. Lock the doors. Whenever you're alone, lock the doors.

Isabelle turns and exits the house with determination.

EXT. HOUSE - TRACKING ON ISABELLE - DAY

as she strides across the street to Deebs' house and knocks hard on the door. No answer. She rings the bell. No answer. She knocks harder. Then suddenly the door swings open and Jack looks out at Isabelle. Isabelle takes a step back and catches her breath.

JACK
Well, hello again, Isabelle.

ISABELLE
I know what you're doing!

JACK (V.O.)
What am I doing?

CONTINUED:

ISABELLE
And you're not going to do it!

JACK
I'm not trying...

ISABELLE
If you come near me or my daughter I'm going to kill you.

A cloud of despair rolls over Jack's features. He recovers and smiles.

JACK
Thanks for sharing your feelings with me, neighbor.

As Isabelle turns and moves back across the street and goes inside, Jack watches her.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM

Jennifer watches her mother come back across the street, and watches Jack watching her mother. She goes to her dresser and rifles among her clothing. At the bottom of her drawer is a copy of COOL WORLD. She opens it surreptitiously, making sure her door is closed.

BLOW UPS OF DRAWINGS

Debbie Dallas in the drawings in holding Goons totally enthralled with the story of Frisco Fred. She tells the stoy in a few panels of "the coolest guy in the history of Cool World, space and time traveller, man with all the neatest stuff in San Francisco".

Jennifer eats an apple as she reads...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ASHBURY HEIGHTS, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

ANGLE ON BMW - JACK AT THE WHEEL - OBJECTIVE SHOT - SAME

As he cruises through town looking for action and SEES MOTHERS with CHILDREN, HIGHSCHOOL KIDS in packs, middle aged MEN running errands in baseball caps and COUPLES everywhere: holding hands, arm in arm, kissing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (V.O.)
(bitter)
Happy -- happy -- happy...

JACK'S P.O.V. - THE SAME SCENE

through Jack's eyes everything moves in SLOW MOTION. The women's dresses are all shorter and their lipstick brighter. The men look hostile and the children look retarded.

JACK (V.O.)
It's like a conspiracy. Where is someone for me ?

Jack, frustrated and bored, steps on the gas and barrels through town.

INT. DEEBS' HOUSE - UPSTAIRS STUDIO - NIGHT - CLOSE ON JACK

He is unable to create in his new environment. CAMERA MOVES IN ON the blank paper. We feel his frustration and fear building. JACK HEARS Debbie DALLAS' VOICE, WHISPERING, beckoning. He looks around and shakes it off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEEBS' HOUSE - JACK

unable to work he wanders through the downstairs towards the living room. He stares almost trance-like as he moves forward.

SAME - LATER - JACK

Now dressed in jeans and a T-shirt (prison garb) seated at the opposite wall drawing intently. We PULL IN OVER HIS SHOULDER and SEE Debbie Dallas speeding down a garbage strewn street in a black muscle car. Fires GLOW in the night of the Cool World Jack draws.

JACK'S POV - ON CARTOON

As we PULL IN CLOSER and CLOSER. We PAN UP Debbie's voluptuous body. She smiles and seems to come to life beckoning Jack into her world. She WHISPERS enchantments and Jack is enthralled.

BACK ON JACK

As he puts his head in his hands and pulls away from the drawing like a junkie resisting a fix.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (V.O.)
I need a woman. A real woman.

He pushes a bunch of papers off the desk, angrily, and they flutter down, he races out of the room.

EXT. HOUSE-NIGHT

He jumps into his car and drives off.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE--NIGHT

We move directly in toward the drawings piled in disarray that Jack has left behind. One is a majestic cityscape of The Cool World, a main drag of a street.

CUT TO:

INT. COOL WORLD

The street comes alive. Bums, junkies, vermin of all types but also street musicians, crazy cars, vitality. A hand is flipping wooden nickels into the air, the wooden nickels all have faces and make squeaky little noises as they get flipped. The hand belongs to SPARKS, a snazzily dressed gangster type. Dark, bugeyed, ruthless. A bunch of six year old kids, street urchins in scraggly clothes, maybe three of them, tag after him.

URCHIN #1
Hey Sparksy...wha'cha up to...

SPARKS
What makes you think I'd tella little punk like you...

URCHIN #2
Ah he's gone soft...for that tomato what's her name...D-d-d-Debbie something...

Sparks picks Urchin #2 up by the throat and delivers some swift slaps...

SPARKS
Enough out of you kiddie...you're too young to be thinkin' about girls...especially that girl...

He lets Urchin #2 drop, and then reaches deep into his pockets and produces a flurry of wooden nickels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPARKS
Here...a bunch a wooden nickels... don't spend 'em all in one place.

The screeching nickels fly into the air and the urchins clamber over each other to get them. Sparks runs to the next corner. Stops, cranes his neck up. Sees an apartment at the top of the high rise building, there is music coming from it. Sparks bangs the elaborate GARGOYLE knocker.

GARGOYLE
Go on up, she's expecting you.

He goes inside the building.

INT. ELEVATOR

The elevator shoots up at thirty times human speed, and when it stops Sparks practically smashes into the nearest wall.

INT. CORRIDOR

Sparks exits, comes to a door with a lot of whooping and hollering goin' on, it's a party. He takes out a key and lets himself in.

INT. DEBBIE DALLAS' PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The apartment is gaudy pinks and blues, Las Vegas, a whorehouse in style, stacked with peculiar amounts of memorabilia dedicated to San Francisco. But you can't see this at first because your attention is grabbed by the decadence of the goings on...Debbie Dallas' four goons, SLASH, a leather-clad baby-faced biker with a blonde mohawk, SLICK, a Mulatto boy of 19 with almond eyes and the body of an Adonis, wearing a day-glo suit and alligator shoes that are alive, and STASH, a sloe-eyed Black with dreadlocks in a multi-colored outfit, are doing an unholy coochie-coochie dance with four nubile babes. SHIM, a (Boy/Girl), sits behind Stash applying lipstick to Mick Jagger lips. There is extremely loud guitar music playing on the stereo.

Seated in the corner of the room, her feet and legs up off the floor, leaning over the side of the chair, drinking something out of a martini glass...

SPARKS
Debbie Dallas, every time I come in here, why do I get the feeling you're letting the goons here run the joint?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE
Sparks honey, you know me, when I say yes, I can't say no...the boys wanted to have some fun...whadda you want? Make a wish.

The goons each leave their respective dates and yank their necks together, like back up in a soul band...

GOONS
Debbie Dallas likes you...ooh, you is one lucky Doodle.

She wraps her legs around Sparks' legs...Sparks starts to sweat a little in the embrace...slips out, doodlewise... Debbie laughs provocatively.

DEBBIE
Look at you squiggle...what a big, tough guy...huh goons?

The four goons who have been cavorting with their girls all stop, freeze and start to laugh hysterically...

GOONS
Tell it Debbie, she told him...what a sap...scaredy cat...

Sparks frowns at the goons, yanks one by his feet and uses him as a staff to beat the other three over their heads... bump, bump, bump...lets the fourth drop and they are all four a star-seeing lump. The four nubile girlfriends of the goons squirm and cower in a corner.

SPARKS
Don't see yuz makin' with the laughs...

Debbie comes up to Sparks, now more deferential in her seduction.

DEBBIE
I like you rough and angry...I know it means you care...I know you're the guy for me...

She takes Sparks by the hand and pulls him into the next room.

The nubile girls come over to the lump of Goons and pick them up, turn on the samba music and start dancing again...like all cartoons they can get over injuries instantaneously.

INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM

Sparks looks at Debbie, then at the t.v. screen...it's a glorious clip from a Marlene Dietrich movie, he grabs the remote from Debbie's hand and pushes it, the clips go from Dietrich, to Bette Davis, to Marilyn Monroe, to Madonna...

SPARKS
You sit here all day, drinkin' and smokin' and dancin' and watchin' these weird old movie stars...noid movie stars with all that sickly heavy flesh and bodies that can't do nothin'...

He extends his arm a ridiculous length to turn off the t.v. set. Debbie leaps up and stands eye to eye with him.

DEBBIE
What's a girl supposed to do, sit in the Slash Club all the time, whisper about how mean and cool you are?

She punches her remote and the movie images come back on.

DEBBIE
I got news for you pal, I'm not your ordinary doodle...I been studyin' up on what these noid dames have got goin' in the real world, and I want what they got...

SPARKS
They got guys, guns, and gin, which is what you already got...

DEBBIE
We been over this a million times, and you're still too slow to get it, aren't you...they're real...

She points to the screen, Garbo and Monroe at their most unreal...

DEBBIE
They got power...when they touch something the FEEL it...when they taste something they really TASTE it...When they do it with a man, they really do it...

SPARKS
But goin' real...no one's ever done it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE
I believe in this gate to the real world that I heard about ever since I was little...one of us built this bridge...one of us came over from our world to their world, found the spike of power, he built the Golden Gate Bridge and he became the richest man in the world...he crossed over and became real... Frisco Fred...

SPARKS
That's like a movie honey...or some story you tell a kid when he's too sick to go to school...

DEBBIE
They've come over here...why can't we reverse it...you sayin' I ain't good enough?

Debbie and he look at each other for a beat.

SPARKS
You're swell doll, you're the finest tomato I ever came across... but you gotta get this Frisco Fred junk outta your mind...

Debbie stares at him, then gets out of the bed...

DEBBIE
Never. Look. There was Harris, we see him every day, and that 'toonist, that Jack whatever, who did a mind slip for half a minute..

SPARKS
I remember...that clown who thinks he invented us...

DEBBIE
If they came one way...I can go the other...and that's the truth, Ruth.

She goes to her closet and takes out a spangled blue dress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

DEBBIE
This is an exact replica I made myself of the dress Jeanette MacDonald wore in the movie SAN FRANSCISCO, co-starring Mr. Clark Gable and Mr. Spencer Tracy...which was two years before they got the spike of power laid into the Golden Gate Bridge...I know that movie by heart...the girl gets everything by the end of it, everything she ever wanted...it's real...I mean it...I even saw a copyright date on it.

She goes to her bed stereo and turns on Jeanette MacDoanld singing the theme to the movie SAN FRANCISCO...It's first line is, "San Francisco...open your Golden Gate." She starts to sing and move with the music, she goes into the next room and the goons start to swirl lasciviously around her, the music gets louder, and louder...

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDEN EIGHT CLUB - NORTH BEACH, SAN FRANCISCO

A classic joint filled with POOL HUSTLERS, low level MAFIA TYPES, HOOKERS and HANGERS-ON. The air is thick with smoke. COOL MUSIC PLAYS. (This is a poor man's version of the Slash Dance Club.)

JACK ENTERS FRAME

We SEE his alienation and attraction to this world. He nods hello to the BIG BLACK MAN behind the cash register. He eyes Jack suspiciously, he knows a con when he sees one. Jack moves past him like a visitor from another planet.

JACK'S POV - MOVE IN CLOSE ON

Red faced MEN sit at the bar drinking heavily. Jack focuses on the alcohol in their shot glasses, on the bottles on the shelves which seem to GLOW magically. He watches cigarettes burn and smoke exhaling out nostrils. A YOUNG GIRL is stripping on the runway behind the bar. Jack focuses on her belly, on her breasts, on the sweat on her upper lip.

BACK ON JACK

attracted and repulsed simultaneously he turns away from the bar and bumps into...

TINA

CONTINUED:

A 25 year-old-red-haired-hooker who's lived 15 years more than she expected. She's wearing a low cut dress that reveals first class cleavage. She smiles at Jack. Something about her reminds us of Debbie Dallas. She exhales smoke from her cigarette. Jack waves it away.

TINA
Hi, baby. How's it going?

JACK
How's what going?

TINA
Life.

JACK
Life? Do you know me?

TINA
(chuckles)
Yeah. Sort of.

JACK
(serious)
You don't know me.

TINA
(cool)
Of course I don't, baby. But I'd like to. You want some company tonight? You lonely? My name's Tina.
(chuckles)
Like Tina Turner...

JACK (V.O.)
Do I look lonely? God, I feel...hollow.

JACK
(big smile)
I feel okay. And you look...good.

TINA
Well, thanks sweetie but I'm not "good". I'm "bad". Buy me a drink.
(suggestive)
And tell me all your secrets.

Tina moves in close and touches Jack's arm. Jack goes cold and pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

JACK
Some other time. I've got business to take care of.

TINA
(laughs)
Scared of a little girl like me, baby? You need a girl like me. I'll work magic on you!

Jack turns and exits quickly repulsed by Tina's desperation and sexuality.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER KING - LATE NIGHT

Jack sits alone under fluorescent lights at a plastic table in a room painted circus colors eating his second cheeseburger. He washes it down with a Coke. He looks up at the SEMI RETARDED GIRL behind the counter in an ill fitting uniform who looks at him blankly.

JACK
Two more. With fries.

The Girl mumbles something under her breath that we don't hear. Jack looks up feeling paranoid. The spring winds tighter.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOTHING STORE - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

ON JACK

looking at his reflection in a three way mirror wearing chinos, penny loafers and a plaid shirt -- very much the uniform of the suburban man. He looks like he's wearing a costume. He frowns at his reflection hating what he SEES. A SALESGIRL, 18, pretty, conservative, MOVES INTO FRAME smiling, holding a cardigan sweater. Jack smiles, takes the sweater and tries it on.

JACK
(turns on the charm)
Would you go out with a guy who looks like this? Be honest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALESGIRL
(careful)
My boyfriend wears the same kind of clothes. And I think he's pretty terrific.

JACK
(frowns)
Terrific.
(beat; cold)
I'll pay cash.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEBS' HOUSE - UPSTAIRS STUDIO - DAY

The walls are covered in murals we don't see clearly yet. Jack takes his new clothes out of the bag, looks at them, and throws them in the garbage can.

JACK (V.O.)
I need new interests. A hobby...

CUT TO:

INT. MALLEY HOME -ISABELLE'S BEDROOM - ECU ON ISABELLE - SAME

As she pulls a small box out of her purse and unwraps it. She opens the box REVEALING a snub nosed .38 caliber revolver. She pulls a box of bullets out of her bag and loads the gun tentatively. Her hands shake slightly as she puts the loaded gun inside the nightstand drawer.

INT. DEEBS' HOUSE - UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT

WE PAN DOWN the walls of Jack's room, and now we SEE the murals: Huge drawings of deepening intensity: Biblical characters juxtaposed against forces of darkness that refect JACK'S inner struggle. We come to rest on Jack, on the floor drawing on the wall in a manic state.

ANGLE ON THE ROOM

Which now resembles his prison cell.

Suddenly the phone RINGS and Jack turns to it startled. WE MOVE IN CLOSER ON the phone as it RINGS LOUDER and LOUDER until it's almost like an explosion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
(calm)
Hello.
(beat)
Oh, hi Marty. Yes.
(beat; annoyed)
Well, tell them they'll have drawings soon...next week! Yes. I promise.
(he hangs up)
Blood suckers!

He lies down on his mattress and stares up at the ceiling. The CAMERA RISES and looks down at him.

JACK (V.O.)
This loneliness is like a disease.

JACK HEARS Debbie calling him from the world away. He closes his eyes.

JACK'S P.O.V. - HIS VISION

Everything inside Jack's mind is flying around disconnected from everything else:

Debbie Dallas beckoning him, Jennifer Malley's dress lifting in the wind, Isabelle Malley's face - angry, a cop car screaming to the scene of a crime, a knife slashing through the air, a flower falling to the ground.

ON JACK

Opening his eyes, he sits up tormented.

JACK
How long? How long? How long?

The LOUD BUZZING NOISE BEGINS. Jack looks terrified and holds his ears. It grows LOUDER. He begins to scream "NO!" WE HEAR a RIP and SEE the fabric of this dimension tear open, brilliant white light seeps out of this vent and an INTENSE WIND sucks Jack into the void.

CUT TO:

EXT. COOL WORLD - SWEET TOWN BORDER - DAY - (ANIMATED) - JACK'S P.O.V.

An aerial shot as Jack descends. WE SEE a line dividing Cool World and Sweet Town. On one side is a DISNEYLAND WORLD glistening under an orange sun in the distance. There are yellow roads with purple fields of flowers and candy.

CONTINUED:

SWEET CREATURES move about below. Mack Sennett-type Policemen, "POPPERS," patrol the Sweet World side of the border. On the opposite side of the border is the Cool World.

SWEET TOWN BORDER - ON JACK

As he descends towards DEBBIE'S GOONS playing craps in an alley with a GOOFY RABBIT and a TURTLE WITH A TOP HAT AND VEST.

ON JACK

Falling fast, looking horrified. He lands in the center of the group with a THUD. The money and dice go flying into the air. Hands grab for the bills. Goofy Rabbit's eyes bug out of his head at the sight of the human. The Rabbit is gone in a flash. The Turtle is speechless and backs up slowly making his exit.

SLICK
Where you worms goin'? We gotta game here!

Jack is gasping for air. Slash kicks Jack in the stomach and HOWLS with sadistic glee.

SLASH
Noids make me wanna puke!

SLICK
(to Jack)
You messed up our hustle, man! Those sweet pukes were dying to lose!

He starts to rifle through Jack's pockets.

JACK
Get away from me!

Jack pushes Slick, whose alligator shoes SNAP at Jack. Jack falls back into two garbage cans and SIX BLACK CATS come careening out and away from the scene.

ON STASH

sitting on a garbage can drinking grain alcohol from a silver flask. His gold teeth glitter when he laughs and his head rotates 360 degrees.

CONTINUED: 2

STASH
(laughing)
Sheeit, doodles, let's get high -- Leave this piece of shit homo sapien for bait.

JACK
I created you --

STASH
(chuckles)
In seven days? Seven nights? Think your ego's outta wack, or what?

Shim laughs derisively at this statement.

JACK
You laughing at me?
(beat)
Without me you're just ink!

STASH
You lost it, man. That's why you're here!

Jack picks up a garbage can lid and hurls it at Shim who flies up into the air, arcs over Jack's head, swoops down onto the ground and flies up Jacks pant leg -- moving up inside Jacks clothes as Jack panics and the others LAUGH. Shim's head springs out of Jacks collar facing Jack.

SHIM
You can't hurt us. Don't you know anything?

Laughing, he plants a huge wet kiss on Jack's lips and then swirling up and out of Jack's clothes lands beside Slash. The OTHERS guffaw. Slash opens his hand REVEALING five razor-sharp six-inch nails.

SLASH
(a hiss; re: Jack)
So what's D.D. want with this?

He moves for Jack who backs up horrified as Slash approaches.

DEBBIE (V.O.)
Love and understanding, honey...

ALL EYES TURN TO Debbie who struts into the alley oozing charisma and sexual energy. Jack is riveted by the sight of her.

CONTINUED: 3

DEBBIE
...Now be nice.

Slash shoves his nails into his pocket.

SLASH
(smiles)
Nice is easy. We'll do nice.

ANGLE

The "Boys" are all over D.D. immediately. Slick slides up to her right side and offers her a cigarette. Shim rubs up her left side and lights it. Stash offers her a drink, and Slash helps Jack to his feet and moves him up face to face with her.

ANGLE ON JACK AND DEBBIE

Jack is pressed up close to Debbie. He can feel the heat coming off of her as her breasts touch his chest.

DEBBIE
Welcome to my world, big man.

JACK
I'm dreaming. I gotta get my head out of this and wake up.

DEBBIE
Oh, yeah? Well, am I dreaming you or are you dreaming me?

JACK
Maybe I'll just erase you!

The Goons hit their knees and bow exaggeratedly at Jack laughing hysterically.

DEBBIE
You wouldn't erase me, baby. You're too hungry for what I got.

Debbie lights a cigarette then hands it to Jack leaning towards him seductively.

JACK
Uh, no, I quit.

DEBBIE
Since it's only a dream...indulge your fantasies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 4

JACK
(mesmerized)
I shouldn't.

DEBBIE
You're looking a little fried from the trip...come on, have a drag off this.

JACK
(a beat; then)
Am I going to wake up soon?

DEBBIE
I got news for you--I'm made of ink...but I'm no dream.

She takes the lit cigarette, and burns him on the arm with it. Jack watches it. Then recoils from the pain. The goons exult. Debbie's eyes gleam.

JACK
Hey, what did you do that for?

DEBBIE
Because I dig you...crimes of passion honey...they're the only proof of love there is...you know about that, right, Jack.

The goons applaud this theory, they nod and murmur, "tell it."

JACK
(sad)
Yes, I do.

Debbie sticks the cigarette in his mouth and pulls it out as he inhales.

DEBBIE
This is a long dream isn't it, Jack?

Jack reacts as suddenly, WE HEAR LOUD SIRENS OVER.

SLICK
The Poppers!

Debbie waves her hand and a souped-up black CONVERTIBLE ROARS up to the scene and RUMBLES impatiently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 5

CAR
Let's burn! Let's go! Come on!
Come on!

Debbie gets behind the wheel and Jack climbs into the passenger seat slowly. The goons climb into the back battling for the best seat.

ON DEBBIE

who says "Go" and CAR ROARS OFF towards the monochromatic horizon, leaving the Poppers in their wake.

ANGLE ON CAR

its path toward the Cool World is cut off by the Poppers' Patrol Car #2. CAR does a one eighty, turning away from the monochromatic horizon and charges towards the multi-colored streets passing Poppers' Patrol Car #1 which in turn does a one eighty -- three of them falling out of one car onto the pavement. They get up and hop onto the running boards.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND POPPERS

as they sway and swing behind their vehicle.

ANGLE ON CAR

ROARING down the sweet streets. Slash hooks a CUTE LITTLE RABBIT around the throat as it tries to escape. The Rabbit is flung in a cloud of dust beside the road as the convertible ROARS into an ominous tunnel on the border of Sweet Town. The Poppers stop at the entrance, afraid to enter. A sign with a skull and crossbones declares "No Sweets".

CUT TO:

EXT. COOL WORLD - ALLEY OUTSIDE LONETTE'S - ECU ON HARRIS - NIGHT

As Harris (remember he's flesh and blood like Jack) cups a match in his hands and lights a cigarette, the light illuminates his features briefly in the orange glow. We SEE the wired, mad glint in his eyes: eyes that reveal alienation, loneliness, and real danger. He exhales smoke and looks up at Lonette, a beautiful doodle who looks like a young Natalie Wood. She leans in the doorway looking sultry and sweet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONETTE
(touches Harris' face)
Why don't you go home and get some sleep?

Harris looks up at her with mixed emotions. Lonette knows this look and frowns: This is forbidden and unconsumated love. And it hurts.

HARRIS
I can't sleep. D.D. is up to something. I can feel it.
(beat)
You hear anything? Rumors? Anything?

LONETTE
(making light of it)
I hear she's got a thing for noids.

HARRIS
(ominous)
You know what would happen...

LONETTE
I know what they say. But who knows? You know?

HARRIS
I'm hired to make sure it never happens.

REVERSE ANGLE As "NAILS", the black spider with a bowler hat and white gloves on all his hands swaggers down the alley. A cigar is stuck in the side of his mouth. He's an ex-gangster - now Harris' sidekick. (The term "tough as nails" comes from knowing him.) Harris and Lonette turn to him.

NAILS
(grand)
An informant told me he's here again. Debbie and the goons got him.

HARRIS
(urgent)
He's not just coming through on a dream!

NAILS
Perhaps it's time to pursue other investigatory avenues, Boss.

CONTINUED: 2

HARRIS
Yeah. Let's hit the bricks.

Harris and Nails move off.

LONETTE
(calling after him)
Be careful, Frank.

ECU on Harris

He flinches and covers his feelings. WE SEE he cares about Lonette. A lot.

NAILS
-- I think she's partial to you.

HARRIS
(troubled)
Yeah, and look what good it's doing me.

NAILS
Did I ever tell you about the time I took up with the most delightfully stacked hussy from the projects?

HARRIS
Yes.

Nails nods his head knowing to shut up.

ANGLE ON BATTLE CAR - an ominous iron-plated souped-up bopstopper mobile. Harris climbs in the passenger seat. Nails takes the wheel. They buckle up.

CAR
Where to, Boss?

HARRIS
The Club.

The BATTLE CAR takes of as if launched from a cannon.

CUT TO:

EXT. COOL WORLD - ON DEBBIE'S CAR - TRACKING - SLOW MOTION - NIGHT

as Car emerges from the tunnel and rumbles slowly through Cool World. Debbie turns on the radio and the MUSIC GROWS INTENSE. Jack looks out at this world awed and fascinated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is a dark and magnificent vision.

DEBBIE
You like it, Deebs?

ON JACK, turning to her. He smiles slowly.

DEBBIE
(contemptuous)
Of course you do. This is your idea of heaven. Right?

JACK
Yeah. It's...alive. It's great!

DEBBIE
Oh, it's alive, alright, Jack. But it's ink and flat. I'm lookin' for flesh and blood! Know what I mean?

Debbie kisses Jack hard on the mouth and then LAUGHS. The Goons LAUGH with her. Debbie steps on the gas and Car GROANS. Jack is stunned.

CAR
Ok. Ok. I'm goin'!

EXT. SLASH DANCE CLUB - COOL WORLD - NIGHT

ANGLE ON DEBBIE/JACK/THE FOUR GOONS

Jack is enthralled with this vision-come-to-life as they push through the crowd, the Goons acting as body guards for Debbie and Jack. They make their way to the door of the club.

ANGLE ON BOUNCER #1

As he steps in front of Jack. He looks a lot like Chico from prison.

BOUNCER
No noids.

JACK
Chico...is that you?

BOUNCER
I ain't Chico, runt. No noids.

DEBBIE
(hard)
He's with me...

CONTINUED:

The Bouncer considers then lets them enter.

DEBBIE
(confidential to Jack)
Can't let the neighbors push us around, can we?

Jack reacts. Debbie smiles and the Group enters the club. RAP MUSIC BLASTS AT US.

INT. SLASH DANCE CLUB - SAME

As Debbie, Jack, The Four Goons make their way along the packed bar toward the dance floor. Jack smiles, happy.

JACK
(proud)
I created that guy after a real person I knew in prison...

DEBBIE
(sarcastic)
Right, Jack. I know what you think.

ON JACK

As he looks stunned at what he's seeing. JACK'S P.O.V. - FRANK HARRIS is pointing a real-life revolver and holding a badge up, he faces down Jack, pushes him away from Debbie.

HARRIS
Freeze, asshole, Cool World Police!

Everyone in the place goes silent...Debbie laughs under her breath.

JACK
Easy, man, easy...

WIDEN TO REVEAL NAILS staring down the Goons.

DEBBIE
Where are your manners, Harris?

HARRIS
You shut up, Dallas!
(beat; to Jack)
Outside -- Let's go!

Harris drags Jack by his collar out the door and into a back alley.

EXT. ALLEY - HARRIS AND JACK - SAME

As Harris pushes Jack up against the wall and frisks him. He pulls out Jack's wallet and looks at his I.D.

JACK
I'm clean, man. What gives? How'd you get here? I didn't create you!

HARRIS
No shit, Sherlock!

Harris pulls Jack's drawing pen out of his pocket.

JACK
(goes to grab it)
Hey!

Harris knocks him back.

HARRIS
What'd you do with this, Deebs?

JACK
I'm a cartoonist...I drew all this ...Cool World...Visions come to me and I translate...

HARRIS
(laughs)
You do nothing, man. This place exists with or without you. Believe me, I'm not one of your creations.

Jack is truly confused now.

JACK
I know...but how...?

HARRIS
Now I'm going to run down the program for you, friend...so listen up. Others come and go -- in dreams, in visions, but you're becoming a regular customer and that worries me...big time.
(beat)
Your insanity got you here. You're on the same vibration as this insane place. And over here everything goes...everything except one thing.

JACK
What's that?

CONTINUED:

HARRIS
Noids do not have sex with Doodles. It's the oldest law in Cool World. I've never had to enforce it -- but you cross that line and I'll take you down. And species loyalty won't be worth a damn.

JACK
(curious)
So I'm crazy but this place is real. Wow.
(beat; smiles)
I guess I can adjust to that. I dig this reality.

HARRIS
Dig this:
(beat)
If you think you know pain you're wrong. You mess with me and you'll discover a new meaning for the word. Got it?

JACK
Got it.

HARRIS
(ominous)
You think Debbie's got a thing for you, man. Well, don't flatter yourself.

JACK
Oh, yeah?

HARRIS
Oh, yeah. She came after me and every other Noid whose ever came through here. No one's been insane enough to get involved with her. So don't fuck up a good trend.

Harris gives Jack back his pen and wallet.

JACK
I'll keep that in mind. Thank you, officer.

Jack walks back inside. Harris looks worried.

INT. SLASH DANCE CLUB - SAME - ON JACK

He turns to the dance floor. He SEES Debbie Dallas dancing.

DEBBIE
Come to me Jack...I'm just what you need...there's gonna be time... we're gonna come together.

He drifts towards her with desire in his eyes, but suddenly, according to no physical logic, she starts to recede, to drift back in space to become tinier and tinier...

CUT TO:

INT. DEEBS' BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME - (LIVE ACTION)

Jack is deposited in a burst of light and noise onto his bed, GASPING for air. Jack slowly looks around at what now seems to be a one-dimensional mundane reality. He stands. He goes over to the dresser and looks at his deranged image in the mirror. He picks up a drawing of Debbie Dallas.

JACK
I bet she's amazing. Can I trust her? Maybe she'd kill me! Who knows! Wake up, house! Jack's back!

Jack kicks a chair into the corner, stomps out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - ON JACK

stuffing junk food into his mouth and drinking Jolt Cola straight from the bottle. He's trying to suppress the insanity which is taking over.

JACK
I'm in control here! This is my refrigerator, my food, my house!
(beat)
I hate this house!

He spits food out into the sink. He touches the countertop and utensils as if groping for reality.

JACK
No! This is my life. This is the real world! I fit in. I belong here. This is good.
(beat)
This is hell.

EXT. PIER - JACK - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

This fishing pier which is just out one hundred yards from the shore is empty except for the small lone figure of Jack who paces back and forth with a frantic intensity. He pivots and turns around every three feet as if he were in the confines of a small prison cell. CAMERA PANS up towards the sky. The stars twinkle as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

A well kept, large modern two story structure.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO HIGH SCHOOL - JACK

walks down the empty hallway lined with lockers. Jack is mesmerized. This is all very nostalgic. He stops in front of a wall lined with old class photos. Jack heads for the auditorium.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

There are many people in the audience watching the play, students, teachers and parents including Isabelle who watches with great interest.

ON ISABELLE

proud, watching Jennifer when WE SEE light splash onto her face from an entrance door being opened in the b.g..

ANGLE - JACK

entering, closing the door behind him.

ON STAGE - JENNIFER

reciting her lines about love and death. She looks beautiful.

ON JACK

seated, intense. He's pleased and involved. Every line she speaks has meaning for him. Without warning Isabelle ENTERS FRAME.

ISABELLE
(a soft intense whisper)
Get out of here.

Jack reacts stunned by the intrusion. Recovering he smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
Hello Isabelle.

ISABELLE
(upset, falling apart)
You heard me. Get out!

We now SEE Students and Parents turning their heads to see what's going on.

JACK
(calm)
But I'm enjoying the play.

Isabelle notices that she's arousing the audience's attention. She grabs Jack by the arm, Jack lets himself be led.

ISABELLE
I know you, you son of a bitch...you want to hurt my child.

JENNIFER
(On stage, as Juliet) Go, get thee hence, for I will not away./What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?/Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end./O churl, drunk all, and left no friendly drop/To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;/Haply some poison yet doth hang on the,/To make me die with a restorative./Thy lips are warm.

Jack looks at her...then he looks back at the performance... then he looks at Isabelle, now there's a tear or three on his face...

JACK
No...Maybe I did...I...I came here tonight feeling desperate...maybe like I was ten years ago...not sure of what I was gonna do...not sure what I really feel...but look at her.

He watches and she watches as Jennifer continues.

JENNIFER
(continuing as Juliet) Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!/This is thy sheath. There rust, and let me die.

CONTINUED: 2

She "stabs" herself and "dies". Jack turns to Isabelle again, speaking in a passionate whisper. Jack, as he speaks, is framed by the proscenium arch background of the performance on stage to reflect the partially unreal theatricality of his monologue.

JACK
I couldn't hurt her. Even if a part of me, some sick part, wanted to. I couldn't hurt her because... because I have love in me too... everyone does, no matter how sick they are they have some little bit of good in the bottom of their hearts, some bit of love. I have that, you know? I do...what I did ten years ago I did on account of love, I was wrong, I loved too much, and in the wrong way, but--I don't ever want to let love make me hurt someone again...I look at Jennifer up there and I think...I wanna let whatever tiny bit of goodness there is in me grow until...

He looks at the stage and then back at her, speaks more rapidly, anguished...

JACK
I could be like you two are...so that you could look at me and not say "there's Jack the scary sicko killer"...I don't wanna be that person! I really don't. I wanna be ...(shrugs helplessly) a friend, you know? Someone you could invite into your house for coffee and not feel scared. I know it sounds really weird, Isabelle, but that's really all I want...just to be good, to be one of you.

The curtain comes down on the production, and the audience claps...Isabelle claps, Jack claps, as he does, he feels a slight twinge of headache pain, a disorienting sensation comes over him, the same ringing sounds that hit when he was taken to the Cool World earlier...Isabelle looks over at him, a little uncertain, the clapping stops...Isabelle stares at Jack...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

ISABELLE
This all sounds perfect Jack... exactly what a model rehabilitated criminal ought to be saying...

Jack, a little disoriented by the sound in his ears, puts his hands to his head...

JACK
Can't you hear the sincere feeling behind every word I say...

Isabelle assumes the physical gesture Jack is making is purely a sign of his emotions...

ISABELLE
I don't know...I...I...want to find a way to believe you, but--

JACK
That's all right...I don't expect you to get this all at once...I... don't entirely get it myself...

ISABELLE
Are you okay...

JACK
I'm not sure...

Bounding down from the stage, still in costume, is Jennifer. She leaps into her mom's arms.

JENNIFER
Wasn't it great mom, did you like me?

Her mother hugs her warmly and looks at her.

ISABELLE
Oh, honey you were great...

Jack is really starting to tremble and shake as he watches this display of familial love, a vein in his neck is starting to pound...he is reddening...

Jennifer notices this unlikely person standing near her mother...

JENNIFER
Mr. Deebs! I didn't expect you to be here. Did you like it?

Jack is feeling really ropey...

JACK
Yes...it really moved me...will you excuse me...I don't feel too good...uh...

He starts to turn to leave...

ISABELLE
Jack...can you get home all right?

He is stumbling towards the door, barely hearing the question...

JACK
(half to her, half to himself)
I...I...there's someplace I gotta be...

EXT. IN FRONT OF HIGH SCHOOL

Jack stumbles in complete disorientation toward his car in the parking lot...

Gets into his car, shaky, like a drunk driver...careens down the road...

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE

He stumbles out of the car, and then the light show starts just as he reaches his door, the universe starts to tear...

EXT. SWEET TOWN - JACKS' POV - (ANIMATED)

descending downward toward the bright multicolored world below him.

ON JACK

about to smash into the ground when CAR filled with the Goons arrives under him. They're being kissed and embraced by two Moisty sex nubiles. In between getting kissed and bitten, Slash grins at Jack.

SLASH
Jack, babe, let's party!

Jack is completely bewildered.

JACK
I...I almost...
(shakes his head trying to chase out the demons)

CONTINUED: 2

The Moisties grin lasciviously at him. He blinks.

JACK
Party?...Hell yes...
(thinks: this is great...
but...but...)
No, wait a second...where the hell are we?

SLICK
The border between Cool World and Sweet World.

JACK
Sweet World...I didn't draw this scene...

SLASH
We wish you had, Jack, so it wouldn't be so puke sweet. You draw so lowdown and cool.

SHIM
You be the all time great 'toonist.

Jack, trying to be in control, likes the sound of that.

JACK
Tell it like it is, Doodle.

MOISTY #1
So let's do something.

STASH
(sing-song)
I know a fine woman back in town...
she's got the world's finest ways to get down.

JACK
(nervously)
You're Debbie's goons. Where is she?

SLASH
You'll be seein' her real soon.

Jack's eyes roll in his head, almost Doodle-like.

JACK
No...no...no...nononononono --

SHIM
What do you mean 'no'?

CONTINUED: 3

JACK
NO means NO.

SLASH
Debbie wants to see you, man.
You're necessary.

JACK
No, let me outta here.

SLASH
(to Goons)
Bag him!

The Goons reach forward to put their hands on Jack, when he stands up in the back seat of the convertibles and tosses himself into the air, in a frenzy. He turns head over heels in the air, and comes down ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE COOL WORLD BORDER - - IN SWEET TOWN. The shrubbery, which is psychedelically multi-colored, cushions Jack's fall. He turns and finds a tree blooming with fruit-flavored candy.

JACK
(gleeful, maniacal)
So soft...so sweet, I like this.

EXT. COOL WORLD BORDER ROAD

The agitated Goons are climbing over each other, trying to turn the car around, punching each other and slapping each other for their mutual incompetence. The jalopy pulls a 180, and they go screaming up to the border. Jack is happily walking along. The Goons in the car call out to him.

SLASH
Oh, Jaaack...come on back.

SHIM
Oh great 'toonist, we got things for ya.

SLICK
Meathead, you get back in this car this minute, or it's your ass.

Jack, who has gladly acclimatized himself to this childish atmosphere in Sweet Town, thumbs his nose at the Goons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
I like it here. It's sweet here. Very sweet. I'm gonna have a lot of good clean wholesome fun here. I might develop a whole new vision out of this place...you know... upbeat, positive...something that will appeal to the whole family...
(SUDDENLY GETS VIOLENT)
You four mangy buzzards can try flapping your wings and flying away. GET AWAY...

He turns his back on them.

Slash stands up in the car and watches Jack disappear.

SLASH
Good clean wholesome fun, huh...?

He laughs cruelly and maniacally.

SLASH
We'll just see about that.

He turns to the Goons. They all leer malevolently.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLASH CLUB - NIGHT

Harris and Nails slide up in their roadster. One of Nails' eight arms slides ahead to pull open the door.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Harris spots Lonette. She sees him coming.

HARRIS
Got a minute?

LONETTE
Sure, what's wrong?

HARRIS
Who said anything's wrong?

LONETTE
I know that look you got too well...means action.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS
Debbie Dallas and the Goons are running with that noid, Deebs. Rumor's they're trying to cross.

LONETTE
Well, hell, she's been swingin' her butt around tryin' to get you to take her over since time immemorial.

HARRIS
You heard anything, Lonette?

LONETTE
They're a bunch of pervs. I steer clear of them.

Harris shrugs.

HARRIS
It's a topic you two might have chattered about doing your lipstick in the ladies room: making it with a noid.

LONETTE
Now I'm insulted...you know that sleazy cow and me don't talk.

HARRIS
Come on, I had to ask.

LONETTE
That's like me asking if you're just as wacked out and freaky as that Deebs character just cuz you're from the same species.

HARRIS
Honey, give me a break, I'm just doin' my job.

LONETTE
Don't give me that just a job jive, I watch you, you know? Those nights you come to my place and do nothing but sleep...I sit there hoping you're gonna make a move but you never do...you start to talk in your dreams sometimes.

HARRIS
Sounds riveting.

CONTINUED: 2

LONETTE
You start naming streets, Polk Street, Union Square, the Embarcadero, Nob Hill...

HARRIS
(continuing her list)
Broadway, Shattuck...my old beat in San Francisco...

LONETTE
If you wanna dream about it, go back, take Debbie Dallas with you for all I care...

HARRIS
You don't get it, do you? Those aren't dreams, those are nightmares ...Yeah. Maybe I get a yen to ride a cable car one more time...but then I remember what my life was like back there...a steady diet of pain and death.

LONETTE
You really want to stay here, with me...

HARRIS
More than anything...that real world isn't real for me any more...

She brightens, she can't stop herself...she kisses him...

Nails walks in.

HARRIS
We can't do this baby...the trouble this could lead to is just exactly what I promised to stop...it could hurt all of us...

NAILS
Come on boss...maybe we better... perhaps it's time to pursue other investigatory avenues...

Lonette wistfully tugs on Harris' arm, knowing he's gonna go...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

LONETTE
I can't even fantasize about you pullin' a Frisco Fred in reverse. I cry myself to sleep at night thinkin' we can find some way out of this.

Harris caresses the side of her face.

HARRIS
Isn't it nice to think so.

They go off.

EXT. LONETTE'S PLACE

ANGLE ON BATTLE CAR - Harris climbs in the passenger seat. Nails takes the wheel. They buckle up.

CAR
Where to, Boss?

HARRIS
D.D.'s place. Make it fast.

The BATTLE CAR takes off as if launched from a cannon.

CUT TO:

EXT. D.D.'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A FLOATING T.V. AD SHIP HOVERS OVERHEAD featuring a sweet HOUSEWIFE selling "The Good Life" insurance. The insipid message of the commercial grates at our senses. The Battle Car PULLS INTO FRAME. Harris looks up at the AD SHIP and spits. He gets out of the car and lights another cigarette. Nails moves up beside him. They look up.

ANGLE - THEIR POV - D.D.'S PLACE

looming out of trash, dirt and wind is a Gigeresque post modern masterpiece rising so high into the sky we can't even see the top of the building. Its architectural tentacles and genitalia seem to pulsate with life.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - HARRIS AND NAILS

move towards the front door. We SEE lights on behind the door.

CLOSE ON GARGOYLE DOOR KNOCKER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

as they approach the front door, the Gargoyle's eyes open.

GARGOYLE
Forget it. Don't even think about it.

The Gargoyle shuts its eyes and all the lights go off and the windows seal shut.

ON HARRIS AND NAILS

looking up at the never ending building realizing their predicament. They look at each other.

NAILS
(hopeful)
I have no objection to waiting them out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - HARRIS AND NAILS - LATER

They are scaling the wall of the building, Nails in the lead. Harris climbs with his feet against the wall using a thread of webbing hanging from Nails' body like a rope.

HARRIS
(sweating)
I hate heights.

He pauses and looks down.

ANGLE BELOW

a frightening one hundred story fall if they slip.

BACK ON HARRIS

HARRIS
How much further?

NAILS
(tired)
Oh, I'd say we're halfway.

Harris GROANS and continues to climb.

NAILS
Did I ever tell you about the great three day cloud climbing expedition?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS
Yes.

NAILS
Are you sure?

HARRIS
Yes, I'm sure.

As they move into the clouds Nails SNEEZES so hard that Harris is jostled violently below. He loses his footing and dangles from the web-rope he holds onto for dear life.

HARRIS
This is no time to catch a cold Nails!

NAILS
It's not a cold. I'm allergic to clouds!

HARRIS
You're what?!

NAILS
(about to sneeze again)
That's what I was trying to tell you...
(he sneezes)
HAACHEW!!

Harris is vibrating like a string on a harp when the web-rope SNAPS and Harris begins to fall.

HARRIS
Naiiiiiiiiis!

Nails swings down grabbing Harris' hand with one of his while holding onto a grating in the wall with the other.

Nails begins to pull Harris up as he fights the next sneezing fit. Harris SEES this and scrambles up Nails' arm and grabs hold of the grating. With his free hand he puts his thumb and forefinger on Nails' nose to stop him from sneezing.

NAILS
Thanks, Boss. I can take over from here.
(Nails puts his own hand on the bridge of his nose)

CONTINUED: 2

Harris tries to open the grating but can't budge it. Then he gets an idea. He places Nails at the front of the grating and takes Nails' hand away from his nose. Nails SNEEZES and slams backward so hard he crashes through the grating into...

CUT TO:

INT. HIGHRISE - ON HARRIS AND NAILS - SAME

As they land in a stairwell, shake themselves off and begin the climb UPWARDS. They are both tense, ready for combat.

INT. HIGHRISE - TOP FLOOR - SAME

Harris opens the steel doors onto a sleek hallway. TWO BURLY GUARDS in suits with razor cut hair greet them.

GUARD #1
Wha'chu want, man?

HARRIS
(flashes his badge)
Debbie Dallas.

GUARD #2
You workin' for somebody or freelancing?

HARRIS
Let's just say I'm having some fun.

GUARD #1
You got an invitation to the fun?

HARRIS
(shrugs)
Must've lost it.

GUARD #2
Yeah? Well...!

Guard #1 spits on Harris. A fluorescent green slime lops onto Harris's cheek. Harris wipes the slime off. Both Guards LAUGH but stop abruptly as Nails kicks #1 in the shins and then punches #2 eight times in the head. They fall to the floor like sacks of wet cement. Nails smiles, pleased.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAILS
That felt smashingly good. I ever tell you about the time I dethroned the reigning Champion boxer of the Cool World?

HARRIS
Yes.

Harris and Nails move down the hallway to a BLACK door.

HARRIS
Make sure we're not disturbed.

NAILS
Absolutely, Boss. Three fists of iron...and three of steel...the rest are titanium!

Nails stations himself outside the door, as Harris opens the door and enters.

INT. DEBBIE DALLAS' PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - SAME - HARRIS' POV

The place is FILLED WITH GUESTS, COOL CRIMINALS and their BABES. Sparks sits beside Debbie. She looks up and SEES HARRIS, smiles. Sparks looks up impassive.

ON HARRIS

As he moves through the Crowd of Doodles they step back to let him pass by.

DEBBIE
Hello Harris. Welcome to the party.

HARRIS
Nice of you to invite me.
(he looks around)
I don't see the Goons anywhere... I'd like to say hello.

DEBBIE
They're not the soiree type.

HARRIS
I see. And what a swell party this is.
(beat; to Sparks)
I should have known you'd be involved in this equation, Sparks.

CONTINUED:

SPARKS
What equation is that, Harris? I've discovered that if you look for trouble you'll find it. Me, I don't look for it. What's your problem?

HARRIS
(shrugs)
Bad childhood.
(to D.D.)
Where's the noid?

DEBBIE
You're the only noid here, Harris.

Sparks, a few GUESTS and some of the STATUES chuckle at this.

DEBBIE
You've always pointed that out to me. I thought I'd return the favor.

Harris backhands Sparks, knocking him out of his chair without taking his eyes off Debbie. Sparks lands on the floor and looks up glaring with hatred.

HARRIS
(to D.D.)
You mess with the noid and I'll shut you down permanently. You got that?

DEBBIE
As always it's impossible to misunderstand you.

Harris turns and exits through the angry crowd.

DEBBIE
You wanna know what it is about you that really kicks my ass Harris...

HARRIS
I'm sure you wanna tell me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

DEBBIE
You prance around here, waving that gun around like you're a big deal...and all this time you could cross over to the real world...but you haven't got the guts...you don't have what it takes to be real ..that makes you a wimp in my book.

Harris smiles derisively.

HARRIS
Maybe. Just don't try crossing the line.

EXT. APARTMENT - ON HARRIS AND NAILS - SAME

As Harris exits we SEE he's been rattled. Nails falls in step beside him.

NAILS
What's the deal?

HARRIS
She's into something with Sparks...

NAILS
The Gruesome Twosome.

HARRIS
We have to find Jack Deebs.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEET TOWN MALT SHOP - SAME DAY

WE SEE Sweet Town Cuties, GIRLS IN PLAID SKIRTS, pony tails, and tight sweaters, BOYS IN CHINOS, madras shirts and letter sweaters -- eating, flirting, listening to Pat Boone on the jukebox. SEVERAL GIRLS dance together and flirt with a GROUP of BLONDE HAIRED JOCKS. It's the 50's all over again as...

ANGLE ON DOOR

Jack enters. The room goes silent. Jack sidles confidently up to the bar, grins at all concerned.

JACK
Milkshakes for everybody!

The tension in the room breaks, and everyone cheerfully pats Jack on the back.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - LATER

Jack sits in a booth. Four teenage cuties are hanging on his every word.

JACK
...so that's when I really got myself together and got the inner strength to create.

CUTIE #1
Wow, that's great.

RALPH, a slightly ominous, Norman Rockwellish soda jerk, in soda jerk's white cap, comes up with his pen and pad.

RALPH
Hey fellas and gals, how about some more ice cream!

CUTIE #2
Sure!

CUTIE #3
Tootie Frootie.

CUTIE #4
Double scoop, apple brown betty.

JACK
I'll have the same as I've been having.

Ralph smiles an almost excessive, jovial, friend-of-the-kids smile.

RALPH
Comin' up, double quick!

Jack eats more ice cream.

JACK
Ummm, that's good. Of course after today I'm cleaning up. Done with red meat, alcohol...really gettin' myself in shape...no sugar...

Cuties look at each other in total incomprehension.

CUTIE #1
No sugar?

Then they break into peals of wild laughter.

Jack is unsure if they're laughing with him or at him, but tries to laugh along.

CONTINUED:

JACK
...and you know the reason why I can do this, because I'm comfortable here...I am...

CUTIES #1 & #2
Isn't it great in Sweet Town? It's the best place to live. We love it here.

CUTIES #3 & #4
Is it nice where you come from?

JACK
You won't believe this, but there were people back there who didn't trust me.

CUTIES
No...we don't believe it.

JACK
You don't believe it...imagine how I feel.

Now Ralph is back, same gleaming smile, same slightly oppressive stance.

RALPH
More ice cream, kids?

Jack is a little puzzled.

JACK
Sure...

Cutie #1 beams at Ralph.

CUTIE #1
Gee, Ralph, another round for everybody. Dance with me, Jack. I never danced with a Noid.

CUTIE #2
No, Jack, dance with me.

JACK
I don't know...I'm not too good.

CUTIES (both)
You kiddin'... Everybody dances in Sweet Town.

CONTINUED: 2

They pick him up by the hands and pull him onto the floor for some early American Bandstand-type dancing. During the dance Ralph boogies right into the midst of them, and Ralph, like the most efficient automaton-food service pro of all time, is spooning out ice cream to each perfectly cute delectable mouth. Ice cream dribbles from Jack's lips. He starts looking a little retarded and uncoordinated compared to these banal creatures. He retreats to the booth. And there Ralph is again, holding the pad and pencil. Now it's really scary. The girls plop down next to Jack.

RALPH
More ice cream?

JACK
I'm full.

Ralph pauses, scratches his chin thoughtfully, then goes back to the grin.

RALPH
More ice cream?

JACK
No, I said...

RALPH
Okay...CAKE!

And he holds out throbbing gobs of thick, dark, rich, delicious chocolate cake. He starts literally to jam it down Jack's throat.

JACK
Hey...
(choking, sputtering)
I gotta get outta here...

CUT TO:

EXT. BORDER BETWEEN COOL WORLD AND SWEET TOWN

Jack is running out of town, with an ominous sea of perfect teenagers chasing. He leaps over the border.

EXT. COOL WORLD SIDE OF THE BORDER

JACK
Thank God. I'm gonna be sick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He projectile vomits multi-colored Sweet Town food products. As he stands clutching his belly, he hears behind him the wheels of the Goon car...and the Goons are now a kind of barbershop quartet.

GOONS ALL TOGETHER
Get back...get back...to where you once belonged...

CUT TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF SLASH CLUB - NIGHT

Nails and Harris drive up...motor's idling...

NAILS
You gonna go back in there and make it up to Lonette, while you're firin' back them cocktails, boss?

HARRIS
Sure why not...fact is...Doodle or not, she's the best thing that ever happened to a bum like me.

NAILS
I can put overtime in on Deebs' boss...I'm tireless...

HARRIS
Forget it...those Goons can't touch him in Sweet Town. We'd run ourselves ragged chasin' em...

NAILS
What should I do...

HARRIS
Stay at the station, keep pumping our informants watch the phones... somebody might I.D. him, and if that happens you call me here or at my place...don't make a move without me...don't be a hero, you got that...

NAILS
Got it boss.

EXT. - DEBBIE'S HIGHRISE - FRONT DOOR - JACK & GOONS

CLOSE ON GARGOYLE DOOR KNOCKER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Jack bangs it against the door the Gargoyle head stretches forward and wraps around Jack's head and stares Jack in the eyes. Jack is wide-eyed.

GARGOYLE
(menacing)
You better have an appointment.

The Goons LAUGH.

SLASH
He does. D.D.'s waitin'.

Jack reacts, suspicious. The Gargoyle head leans left then right looking them all over. He unwinds from around Jack's neck.

GARGOYLE
He does...but you don't.

The door opens. Jack is pulled forward.

JACK
(paranoid)
D.D.? She's waiting for me? Why?

The Gargoyle stretches out its body in several directions transforming into crooked iron bars that block the Goons from entering.

SHIM
But D.D. said we could watch.

JACK
Hey, what's going on?

Gargoyle's head shoots in front of Shim's face. It turns its head as if hearing something.

GARGOYLE
D.D. says -- Tough titties.

The Gargoyle pulls Jack inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JACK

Romantic music plays over.

ANGLE ON D.D. - sitting on the couch in the Jeanette MacDonald dress, sipping champagne. She rises and we SEE her great shape beneath the dress.

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE
I've been waiting for you, Jack.

Jack is mesmerized by her sexual beauty. She hands him a glass of champagne.

DEBBIE
It's okay, Jack. You can look at me. I like to look at you.
(beat)
You like looking at me, don't you?

She moves closer so Jack can't help but look at her cleavage.

JACK
Yeah.

DEBBIE
I want to turn you on, Jack. I want you to be turned on to me the way I'm turned on to you. Would you like that, Jack?

JACK
I'd like that.

She turns her back to him.

DEBBIE
Undo my dress, will you, Jack?

Nervously Jack unhooks the dress REVEALING her back. She turns facing him, coyly holding the front of her dress so it doesn't fall. She moves close to him, putting one hand on his thigh.

DEBBIE
I know what turns you on.

She takes Jack's hand and walks towards the double doors at the end of the room.

JACK
That cop told me not to go any further...

DEBBIE
He's jealous, Jack. He knows how I feel about you.

She leans back onto the closed double doors.

CONTINUED: 2

DEBBIE
For you, Jack. I want this all for you. You want to touch me...

Jack is flushed with anxiety.

DEBBIE
...But you can't. I know that. That's why I'm going to show you how much I care, Jack.

She opens the double doors to REVEAL her inner chamber.

ANOTHER ANGLE BEHIND JACK

WE SEE Sparks watching resentfully from the shadows.

BACK TO JACK AND D.D.

As D.D. MOVES UP onto the bed as the MUSIC grows more intense, D.D. drops the top of her dress REVEALING her perfect erect pink breasts. She slowly, ever so slowly begins to lift her dress up her long legs and perfect thighs higher and higher...

DEBBIE
I want you to watch, Jack. I want you to know how I would make love to you.

ON JACK, emotions building towards the breaking point, as D.D. touches herself.

DEBBIE
(very sexy)
Oh, yes. I'm so hot for you...Are you going to follow the rules or follow your instincts?

Jack, unable to contain himself, moves for D.D. and gets on top of her filled with lust.

DEBBIE
You're my man, Jack!

ON D.D. AND JACK

We SEE the look of SHOCK and ECSTASY on his face. The face of the first man to fuck a Doodle! A cosmic cheer seems to rock the planet! Jack almost convulses as his body spasms and he turns from human to Doodle off and on as if by electricity but always returning to human. (His fountain pen falls out of his pocket onto the floor) Suddenly he MOANS with pleasure and pain as he erupts inside of her.

CONTINUED: 3

D.D. makes a PRIMAL NOISE that opens Jack's eyes wide.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE JACK

As WE MOVE IN CLOSER Jack tries to ease off. All we see of Debbie now is arms and legs and wild blonde hair. And then, with a shock, we see one of Debbie's hands transforming from Doodle to flesh before our eyes. Her human hand, with new life, grips Jack to her.

JACK
(muffled)
I'm getting tired...

DEBBIE
(muffled)
Not yet! Don't stop!

Her other hand transforms into flesh and grabs Jack's hair.

DEBBIE
Look at me, Jack!

JACK LOOKS INTO DEBBIE'S DOODLE EYES. THE SKIN AROUND HER NECK BEGINS TO REDDEN AND BECOME FLESH - THIS TRANSFORMATION CREEPS UP SLOWLY OVER HER FACE LIKE A WAVE THAT BRINGS A NEW KIND OF LIFE TO HER. Jack is shocked. Sparks moves off frightened but intrigued. And then suddenly Jack is staring into Debbie's HUMAN EYES that sparkle with demonic blue intensity.

DEBBIE
Now you can get off of me!

WE PULL BACK

and reveal she is now a living breathing human bombshell! She PUSHES Jack off of her and sits up. She gets up and moves across the room to the mirror savoring every human step. Jack watches this awed and scared. If she had power before -- look out now.

JACK
So nothing happened to me! I'm fine!

Debbie pulls on her panties and a bra. Sparks re-enters, moves up to Debbie, strutting his stuff.

SPARKS
You did good, baby. Now let's get rid of him so you and I...

CONTINUED: 4

DEBBIE
Get outta here Doodle!

SPARKS
(shocked)
Hey!

DEBBIE
Me and Jack are splittin' this jive town. Right, Jack?

JACK
Yeah, so beat it, greaseball!

Sparks, infuriated and embarrassed, turns and exits. Debbie starts pulling clothes out of closets.

DEBBIE
Help me pack.

JACK
Yeah, right.
(beat, curious)
Where are we going?

DEBBIE
To the WORLD!

JACK
Who wants to go to the world...they hate me there, I get treated like shit...besides, it's so great here.

DEBBIE
Jack, lover! We're noids. Noids can't do doodle here. I wanna do it all, Jack. The two of us together we'll be unstoppable, Jack!

JACK
Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY--NIGHT

Sparks is on the pay phone in a corner of the alley.

SPARKS
Listen you sludgehog excuse for a cop....Deebs and Dallas just made it, and they're about to make an

INT. POLICE OFFICE--NIGHT

Nails is taking the message on the other end.

NAILS
Debbie...no end of trouble that a little minx like her could make....why...she might damage the entire inter-world Matrix.

SPARKS
I don't give a shit...just bust her ass.

Nails hangs up the phone.

NAILS
Better call Frank....

He dials the phone.

INT. SLASH CLUB--NIGHT

Lonette is on Harris' lap.

HARRIS
Are you working too hard tonight, honey?

LONETTE
Nah, I don't mind....

HARRIS
You say the word, I can discover some housing code violations, shut this place down, give you a nice few days vacation....

He's being completely whimsical in his toughness. Lonette grins understandingly.

LONETTE
Nah, that wouldn't be cool... besides I need the work...even a doodle has to eat.

The manager hands the phone to Harris.

INTERCUT SLASH CLUB AND POLICE OFFICE

HARRIS
What is it, Nails?

CONTINUED:

NAILS
You havin' a good time, boss?

HARRIS
Sure...I'm hanging out...you know me, I'm real easy to please... what's the trouble?

Nails pauses for a second.

NAILS
No trouble...nothin' I can't handle boss. I was just checkin' in...you have yourself a good night.

HARRIS
Sure thing, Nails.

INT. POLICE OFFICE

Nails hangs up the phone.

NAILS
I'll take care of this case myself!

INT. DEBBIE'S APARTMENT

Debbie is smooching with Jack. In mid-smooch, she notices his fountain pen and grabs it from the floor, then pulls away.

DEBBIE
Now, before we go....I gotta say my goodbyes to the boys...you know (mock sweet) they're gonna be lost without me...

JACK
I understand...I miss you already.

EXT. CORNER IN FRONT OF DEBBIE'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

The Goons are draped in various poses around their low rider fifties type convertible. Slash is cleaning his gun, Slick is playing the bongos. Slim is combing his hair, Stash is singing this weird scat-like song...

SHIM
I'll bet she's smooth as silk.

CONTINUED:

SLASH
Smoother.....

SLIM
But what if when you make it with a noid...you...you...I don't know... you change...

STASH
You're just some old lady man... that stuff about making it with noids, that's just for scardy cats man...

Down the front stairs of the brownstone prances the real live human Debbie. The Goons stare in shock and see her skin tight jeans, leather jacket, designer duffel bag. Slick's eyes bulge out of his head. Shim's head twirls like a doodle. Slash's alligator shoes snap uncontrollably.

DEBBIE
I made it...boys...I'm human now... I'm gettin outta this hell hole... and I'm going to send for you... after I'm settled in.

They all careen forward, falling over themselves to help her with her bag, to light her cigarette, they touch her like she's gold.

SLICK
How you gonna send for us....we're doodles.

DEBBIE
I'll...I'll send you noid women, and then you'll change too...

GOONS
Oooooooh...!!!

STASH
What about Jack...he ain't gonna wanna share...

DEBBIE
Jack....he loves me...he needs me...there ain't nothin I want, from Jack that he don't wanna give...

That makes them smile and groan as she swings her hips and pats the curl on her hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

GOONS
Ooooh!

Nails drives up in his wacky cop car. Debbie is nodding goodbye to the boys.

DEBBIE
Well you know how I hate long goodbyes...you boys stay bad, you hear me?

Nails slithers out of his car and shows his badge.

NAILS
Halt in the name of the law!

DEBBIE
Howdy, Nails....as you can see, there's been some changing around here....

NAILS
You are a biomorphic menace...I forbid you to take one step out of the Cool World....

DEBBIE
You eight armed ink spot, who do you think you're dealing with here...I'm REAL.

NAILS
You mated with a noid...you don't know what you are. Mark my words, girlie...you leave here and it's trouble for you too.....

DEBBIE
I'm goin pencil-dick and you better not try to stop me.

The Goons laugh uproariously at the banter.

SHIM
That Debbie....

SLASH
She told him.....

STASH
She's so smart....

SLICK
Better back off, Copper....

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER
Mom, I was so shocked to see you standing there next to Jack Deebs, and getting along with him so nicely...

ISABELLE
You weren't any more surprised than me, honey.

JENNIFER
I thought we hate him...

ISABELLE
I thought so too...but there he was, baring his soul to me, trying so hard to sound like a decent person...I just don't know what to think...

JENNIFER
Could all those years in prison really have made him a better person?

ISABELLE
I don't think...it works that way most of the time.

JENNIFER
But what do you think mom? Can people really change?

There is a wrenching sound that startles them.

INT. JACK DEEBS' HOUSE - WORK ROOM - (LIVE ACTION) - NIGHT

Debbie and Jack explode into the real world from the Cool World.

CUT TO:

INT. ISABELLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

They've run to their window.

JENNIFER
Mommy what was that, that was scary? It was across the street wasn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

Nails runs up the tenement stairs and grabs Debbie by the arm.

NAILS
Don't do it, Girl.....

DEBBIE
You're gone....I got your number Doodle...

And she produces the lethal fountain pen, gouging the point into Nail's hand, pulling back the lever and starting to suck Nails into the pen.

He screams as he disappears and the Goons look on in awe and terror.

Exultantly, Debbie caps the pen.

INT. DEBBIE'S APARTMENT

Debbie runs up the stairs, gaining speed with each step. Sweat forms on her brow. She enters her living room, and leaps into Jack's arms.

DEBBIE
C'mon, Lover, let's go!

JACK
Gotta take my hand.

Debbie takes his hand in hers and concentrates. Jack closes his eyes and the building starts to shake, the wind and the light explosions begin.

DEBBIE
(yelling in ecstatic rage)
I'm outta here!

EXT. IN FRONT OF DEBBIE'S APARTMENT

The Goons by the car in the street shield their eyes from the explosion of noise and light.

INT. ISABELLE'S KITCHEN

Isabelle pours milk into a glass, and sets the glass down next to a plate of cookies that Jennifer is eating from.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISABELLE
I don't know, honey. Some kind of electrical storm...

JENNIFER
Is Jack hurt?

ISABELLE
Honey, I don't know...

INT. JACK DEEBS' HOUSE - WORK ROOM -(LIVE ACTION) - NIGHT

Debbie touches the walls, the carpet, the plants. She touches her own face.

DEBBIE
The heat...feel me, Jack, I'm all....warm.

She goes into the kitchen. She turns on the water faucet...watches it in amazement, then touches it, giggles at the sensation, then lowers her face to the spigot, lets the water wash over her face.

DEBBIE
Fantastic....

Jack, less happy to have her here than he expected, watches her reactions.

Debbie opens the refrigerator, blinks at the light, picks up a greenish apple, bites into it and MOANS with pleasure. She quickly picks up a lemon and bites into it and doesn't like the taste, throws it against the wall. She knocks over a plate on the counter and it falls and shatters.

JACK
Things don't bounce here....they break....

DEBBIE
So they break...

She picks up a glass vase, and shatters it. Jack grabs her.

JACK
I...I...I gotta try and make this place work for me...I work here.

DEBBIE
Thinking up doodles...what a waste....

CONTINUED:

Her thought is interrupted by the sound of the doorbell ringing.

DEBBIE
(curious, alarmed)
Who's that?

JACK
Don't worry. It's nothing. I'll check it out.

Debbie follows Jack to the door. he opens it. There in the doorway are Isabelle and Jennifer with worried looks on their faces.

JACK
Oh. Won't you come in?

He steps back, and steps into Debbie. Isabelle and Jennifer stay at the very entrance to the house.

JACK
Isabelle and Jennifer Malley...my neighbors, this is my friend Debbie, uh, Deborah.

JENNIFER AND ISABELLE
Hello...

DEBBIE
Hi there...

But Debbie's hello is not too friendly, these unfamiliar beings are viewed a bit cautiously by her.

JACK
Deborah's from out of town.

ISABELLE
Well, we didn't mean to bother you, it's just there was, this, well, like lightning sound...

JENNIFER
(urgently) We were scared you might be hurt!

JACK
Us? Hurt? No. But thanks for asking.

Debbie trying to get in the swing of things.

CONTINUED: 2

DEBBIE
Yeah, thanks for asking.

ISABELLE
I guess we'd better be going.

Though nothing has been spoken about it, it's clear that the sight of Debbie Dallas and her sexpot cheapness has set back jack's image in Isabelle's mind. Jack's hand brushes Jennifer's shoulder as she's going, and for the briefest split second something ominous occurs, the hand metamorphosizes into a graphic, or doodle-hand, Jennifer feels it for the slightest moment.

JACK
Thanks for checking up on me...it's nice to have neighbors.

He closes the door on them.

DEBBIE
What a coupla squares...

JACK
(uneasily)
They're not important...they're just neighbors...

Debbie does her most vivid, vamp like thing, entangling Jack in her real arms.

DEBBIE
You like your red hot Debbie the most don'cha honey?

Jack gives a slightly fried smile.

JACK
Sure I do.

EXT. ISABELLE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Isabelle and Jennifer head back to their house. Isabelle is disillusioned by seeing Jack with such a lowlife.

ISABELLE
She was really a cheap piece of work.

JENNIFER
Whaddya think he sees in her, mom?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISABELLE
You'll understand it better when you're older honey...what a nut I was thinking Jack had changed...you don't change the color of night...

JENNIFER
I think he's in trouble, Mom...I can't explain it, but, there's something wrong with him...

ISABELLE
You're probably right, honey, but it's none of our business.

They get to the front door of their house and as Isabelle opens it, Jennifer gives a quick worried look back over her shoulder at Jack's house.

INT. JACK DEEBS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Debbie's been squeezing and rubbing up against Jack and now she pulls away, holding on to his hand, leading him forward...

DEBBIE
Now honey, let's have a ball, I've been cooped up with those doodles forever...I wanna see something...I wanna really live!

CUT TO:

EXT. COOL WORLD STREET (ANIMATED) - IN FRONT OF DEBBIE'S HOUSE

The cop car pulls up and Harris gets out. He sees the painted figure of the murdered Nails, the usual eight-armed homicide drawing.

HARRIS
What happened here?

SPARKS
He had a run in with a noid and he got inked.

HARRIS
That god-damned Deebs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPARKS
It was Debbie Dallas.

HARRIS
Dallas is a doodle...

SPARKS
Not anymore...she made it with that Deebs asshole...she's changed...

Harris is so apoplectic his whole face pops...

HARRIS
This is going to turn out to be the biggest shitstorm in the whole history of the Cool World. Chaos - permanent structural damage - the destruction of both worlds.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRIS' SEEDY APARTMENT

He sits there moodily, and Lonette hands him a glass of scotch and then starts to rub his back.

HARRIS
When your partner gets killed, you're supposed to do something about it...even if he's a doodle. It doesn't matter...he was your partner and you're supposed to do something about it...

LONETTE
I could sit here and try and talk you out of it, tell ya you don't owe anybody anything...but it wouldn't make any difference, would it?

HARRIS
No.

LONETTE
What if I tell you that you're the only thing in the whole Cool World that means anything to me...that if you go and you get lost on the way, I won't be able to go on...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS
I'm sorry Lon. I gotta try and stop them.

LONETTE
But...

HARRIS
I'll tell you for the last time...I hate it back there...it's cold, and it's foggy, and you bleed real blood. They got eight million ways for you to die, and all of them are final. I love it here with you... but if Debbie Dallas and Jack Deebs start to mess with what I think they're messing with, there won't be any Here or There...You got it?

Lonette looks at him, innocent, passionate, fervent...

LONETTE
So what do I say?

He gets up. They exit together.

EXT. ROOF OF HARRIS' APARTMENT

They embrace. He kisses her.

HARRIS
Wish me luck...

LONETTE
Good luck, Frank.

They kiss again.

LONETTE
I love you.

He steps back. We see him make an anguished gesture of concentration.

INTERCUT WITH THE MEMORY OF THE OPENING SEQUENCE

The sky above the Cool World starts to vibrate.

HARRIS
(V.O.)
I love you too!

CONTINUED:

Lonette shields her eyes, as lightning strikes.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDEN EIGHT CLUB - SAN FRANCISCO

Jack enters the low level dive with Debbie on his arm. He nods hello at the BIG BLACK MAN who is behind the cash register and who looks at Jack with a completely different attitude now that he has Debbie with him.

Debbie looks around herself, in delirium, each man lights up her life.

DEBBIE
So many men...and they're all real...

JACK
Real to you...wait'll you get to know them...

DEBBIE
What's to know? I can touch them...I can feel them...smell them...put my hands on them...

JACK
Okay...okay...you're with me...remember...?

DEBBIE
Sure, Jack. I know.

Jack is not convinced. Debbie watches a stripteaser.

DEBBIE
I can dance better than her...

The waitress moves into FRAME for their drink orders.

JACK
What are you drinking...?

DEBBIE
Whatever they have...

JACK
They got ninety-five different things...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE
Ninety-five...I want one of everything.

JACK
No honey, you don't get it, you drink 95 things, you get sick...

DEBBIE
What's sick?...I don't get sick...I never been sick a day in my life...

JACK
It's different now...you've got a digestive system. I'm into this having-fun thing with you doll, I really am, but you gotta take it slow...

DEBBIE
Whaddo I wanna take it slow for...I can get everything I always wanted ...you think any of these guys is gonna say no to Debbie...not on your life pal.
(she pats herself lasciviously)
Gentlemen prefer blondes!

Drinks come, she pours them down herself, taking Jack's out of his hand. Suddenly she is up and climbing onto the dance runway. The rundown stripper, completely upstaged, shoves Debbie, who shoves her back so hard she falls. Debbie laughs. The crowd's momentum builds as Debbie moves rhythmically and sensually. She leans towards a seedy looking patron motioning him to unzip her skirt. He does it and she lets its fall. The stripper retreats in the b.g, humiliated. Debbie undulates her lace-clad hips at the audience. Jack charges toward the stage, completely enraged.

JACK
Stop that! Get down from there!

A bouncer intercedes, grabbing Jack, holding him. The audience "boos" at Jack, as the Bounce holds him while he kicks and struggles.

JACK
She belongs to me, dammit!

Debbie blows Jack a sedutive kiss, taunting him.

CONTINUED: 2

DEBBIE
Not anymore.
(sexily, to Bouncer)
Take him away.

The crowd CHEERS! With that Debbie sheds her bra. The patrons ROAR their approval, ignoring Jack. He's carted towards the door, kicking and screaming.

JACK
You lousy bimbo! I got you here!
This is the thanks I get!?

EXT. GOLDEN EIGHT CLUB - JACK

is muscled out the door. He swipes at the bouncer's face who recoils and punches Jack. The bouncer thinks he's bleeding and touches his hand to his face and discovers a bright animated shimmer. He looks at it, perplexed. Jack looks at his own hand which shimmers, turning back and forth from human to doodle.

BACK TO CLUB - ON DEBBIE

She smiles now that Jack is gone. She suddenly messes up a dance step and her features GO GRAPHIC. The patrons think it is an act, but she knows it's not. She panics, and starts to dash out of the club.

DEBBIE
Jack, something's happened!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY NEXT TO CLUB

Debbie runs to where Jack is picking himself up in the alley. She grabs him.

DEBBIE
What's...what's going on?

JACK
There's something wrong...something very very wrong.

DEBBIE
No shit pal. What is it...I'm up there, movin' and shakin' with the best of them and suddenly I'm half doodle again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
People can't see us like this, we gotta go back to my place...we've turned into a couple of freaks.

He walks rapidly to his car. She follows after him.

DEBBIE
Hey look I admit this is a very dicey situation but uh...I don't feature nobody calling me a freak, okay?

JACK
Get in...

EXT. CAR - NIGHT - FREEWAY

Jack is driving with a gloomy look on his face, and Debbie is sitting next to him jabbering.

DEBBIE
Hey look, you live here, maybe they gotta name for this condition... maybe there's some pill you can take...

JACK
They said...never fuck a doodle...

DEBBIE
Hey look, I don't wanna listen to a lotta mealy mouthed second thoughts, are you gonna be just as wimpy as all the other guys...

JACK
Would you just keep your mouth shut and let me think?

His hands go graphic for a beat...and the wheel flies out of his hands, the car careens into the wrong lane into oncoming traffic...they both roar with fear and then Jack's arms go physical long enough to regain control.

DEBBIE
Cool, Jack...I guess you have a rough time driving and thinking at the same time...

Jack just looks at her. He clearly is in great emotional distress.

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE
Hey, you're really scared, aren't ya. I'm impressed.

JACK
You don't get it do ya...this isn't some condition a dermatologist is gonna fix...I've been waiting my entire life to get into a mess this bad...I never knew what I was really doing for two days in a row my whole life long, and now...
(bitter laugh)
...confusion has entered every single cell of my body...

DEBBIE
I don't like you this way, Jack... you gotta very very depressing outlook on things...

JACK
I'm sorry to hear you say that doll ...I'd promise to lighten up but if either of us gets any lighter, we're liable to dry up and blow away.

They pass a sign: EXIT - TO GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, TWO MILES

Debbie gets a rush of excitement, the solution to her problems!

DEBBIE
The Spike of Power!

JACK
What?

DEBBIE
Frisco Fred put the spike at the top of the bridge.

JACK
You're nuts girl.

DEBBIE
I've had enough ego out of you pal, you used to think you made me up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

JACK
You're thinking like a doodle, Debbie, there's no Spike of Power, there's no Frisco Fred, there's just you and me, in the worst mess any creature ever got into.

DEBBIE
I'm going up there now.

JACK
You're doing no such thing...you're a threat to yourself, you're coming home with me till I figure out what's safe for us to do...

She sees another bridge sign.

DEBBIE
We're making the next turn, Jack...

JACK
Oh yeah?

DEBBIE
You're a nice fella Jack...don't piss me off...

JACK
What are you gonna do about it...

She goes graphic and then like and elastic piece of chewing gum, ties herself around Jack so that when she becomes real again, he's squeezed out of his position in the driver's seat. His head bangs loudly against the driver's side window. She deftly maneuvers the car door open, and kicks him out of the driver's side of the speeding car, holding precariously onto the steering wheel the entire time, and then yanking herself back into the driver's seat. Debbie sees the exit to the bridge and exultantly starts honking her horn, driving like a semi-drunken maniac.

CUT TO:

INT. ISABELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

Isabelle sleeps fitfully through it, but Jennifer wakens. She goes to her window and watches the downpour, then goes to her dresser and secretly retrieves an old copy of The Cool World. We see her reading a passage where children in the Cool World are being told the story of Frisco Fred. She is suddenly interrupted by a colossal sound jolt from the house across the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She is at the window in a jiffy, and sees Jack Deebs staggering home, looking battered.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK'S WORKROOM - NIGHT

Harris, fried from the trip, looks around and sees signs of Jack.

HARRIS
(mutters)
Deebs' joint...of course...he's been making the trip so many times, resistance is weak...the door is open...

At that moment the door to Jack's house opens and Jack stumbles in. Harris takes out his revolver and stealthily moves down the stairs. Jack is standing in his living room, numb with disappointment and sorrow. Harris appears before hi with the revolver trained on him.

HARRIS
Freeze Deebs! You're under arrest.

JACK
Oh. Hello Harris. Whaddya plan to do, shoot me?

He strobes into a complete cartoon.

JACK
Human bullets go right through doodles if I'm not mistaken.

HARRIS
You fool. You idiot. You couldn't take a piece of good advice.

JACK
You wanna punish me Harris? People have been punishing me for years now...I can't live in this world like this, I can't live in the Cool World...I'm not dead, and I'm not real...So, you wanna punish me, Harris?

Harris puts down his gun.

JACK
What happens next?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS
It's unimaginable...nobody knows how precarious the boundaries really are...

JACK
Until now...I know...all too well.

The bell rings. Jack is puzzled, so is Harris. Jack starts to open the door, and Jennifer pushes in. She's scared and over-excited.

JENNIFER
I saw it this time, Mr. Deebs... Jack...something hit your house, it wasn't normal electricity...it was ...look you're cut...you're bleeding...what's happening...

She looks at Harris, a little impatiently.

JENNIFER
Please don't tell me this is another friend from out of town.

HARRIS
No, Miss, matter of fact, I was born and raised here in San Francisco...

JENNIFER
That suit's an amazing antique ...from the thirties...how'd ya keep it so new...

HARRIS
Gee it was almost new the last time I wore it here...

JENNIFER
Very funny mister, that would make you around ninety...

HARRIS
I stopped counting birthdays a long time ago...

Jack steps in here.

JACK
Jennifer...it's very complex what's going on here with this guy and me.

CONTINUED: 2

JENNIFER
I'll bet...

HARRIS
Young lady, I wish we had time to explaing every little detail of the situation, lemme tell ya this, police emergency isn't even the half of it. Jack, where's Debbie Dallas...

JACK
On her way to Frisco Fred.

HARRIS
She's shapeshifting like you...

JACK
Yeah.

HARRIS
We gotta stop Dallas NOW!

JACK
It gets worse, she's got my car.

JENNIFER
I have my Mom's car...

HARRIS
Young lady, we're trying to protect the balance of the entire known universe.

JENNIFER
Well gee, then I'm sure my Mom would let me use the car...

HARRIS
Let's move, there's no time to lose.

All three race out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF ISABELLE'S HOUSE

Jennifer runs out of her mother's house with the car keys, and opens the door to the family car for Jack and Harris, and the car shrieks off into the night.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT - RAINING AND STORMING

Debbie in Jack's car careens to a halt on a barren landfill area where the city meets the bay. There are isolated wrecked cars, tin corrugated halfpipes, ratty shacks...here and there some bums tending to sterno fires in trash cans. Debbie, wide-eyed with disappointment, there's no mansion, there's nothing glorious here. She gravitates towards the nearest tower of the bridge. There is an obscure man stoking a fire. She comes closer to the man, who wears the most beat to shit old raincoat imaginable. He has old newspapers wrapped around his neck for a scarf, and an old railway worker's cap that seems to date him from the thirties. Debbie walks right past him. She approaches the base of the bridge's tower. She starts to pull herself up the lowest rungs of the bridge. The man agilely and swiftly approaches her.

MAN
Come down from there...

DEBBIE
No, you don't understand...there's something at the top of this bridge that I need...

MAN
I've been hanging out around this bridge for nearly fifty years, you'd be surprised what I understand.

DEBBIE
Listen, I don't have a lotta time to chat with a deadbeat like you... a guy from my hometown placed a spike on the top of this bridge, and it's gonna help me solve some very serious problems...

MAN
You shouldn't go up there...

He holds on to her arm...it strobes...it shocks the man.

MAN
Good lord, I never thought I'd see it happen...

Debbie looks at him, puzzled and shocked.

DEBBIE
You know where I'm from, you know what I am...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN
I don't know what you mean.

DEBBIE
I thought for a second...but it couldn't be. You couldn't be Frisco Fred...you got nothing...how could you have had the Spike and wind up with nothing...

MAN
Young lady, I don't know you. Go away...whatever you want here, you won't find...go away...

DEBBIE
Not until you tell me who you are!

EXT. FREEWAY TO GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Jennifer is driving. Jack points to the sign.

JACK
Turn there.

JENNIFER
I see it, I see it.

JACK
Harris...you aren't crazier than me are you? You're telling me that Frisco Fred really exists.

HARRIS
No and Yes.

JENNIFER
Big help.

HARRIS
You know how you drew the Cool World and you found out you based it on something you didn't know was real.

JENNIFER
The Cool World's real? Neat.

JACK
Jennifer, just drive.

CONTINUED:

HARRIS
Frisco Fred is a story based on a real guy...this Doctor I met fifty years ago when I went over...a weird guy...a wild guy...a very nice guy...he helped put me back together again...we mapped the tunnel, the passage between the two worlds...we saw how easy it would be to screw up the balance and destroy both universes...

JENNIFER
Destroy the universe, and I haven't even finished tenth grade...

EXT. IN FRONT OF BRIDGE - NIGHT

Debbie is grabbing the old man and shaking him.

DEBBIE
Out of my way, old man. You're useless!

MAN
Don't you get it, lady, nobody can help you out of the spot you're in. You don't belong here.

The rain pours down his cheeks...Debbie stands back aghast.

DEBBIE
Oh my god...

The rain starts to streak the guy's face, signs of physical life stream off him like gooey make up...underneath he's a very aged DOODLE! The same benign Dr. Whiskers we saw help Harris out at the beginning of our story.

DEBBIE
You...you're a doodle.
(contemptuous)
Did you ever touch the Spike?

Debbie produces her fountain pen.

DEBBIE
Talk...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHISKERS
Once, fifty years ago when I switched places with my friend Frank Harris...I smashed from the Cool World into reality, I touched the spike just then, but it fell outta my hands and into the top rivet of this bridge...all this time I made sure no one touched it...as long as it stays there the worlds are safe. You, young woman...

DEBBIE
You wimp doodle, you think you're stopping me? I need the force in that spike so I can really be real...

WHISKERS
Stop. Cease. Desist. That power doesn't belong to you.

DEBBIE
I don't care...I WANT IT.

She wields the pen, and removes about nine-tenths of Whiskers' body, leaving his head squealing on the ground. Debbie goes to the nearest crossbar of the bridge tower and starts to climb. The climb is hampered by her brief rapid changes into a doodle. AT THIS MOMENT, Jennifer, Harris, and Jack scream to a halt by the tower, jumping out of Isabelle's car. Whiskers' head cries out, Jennifer almost faints in shock.

WHISKERS
Frank, my old friend, after all this time. Stop her. I couldn't. I was too old and too slow.

Harris looks down at him.

HARRIS
That bitch, she did it to you, too ...I'm gonna tear her limb from limb.

JACK
You can't go up there Harris, you're scared of heights.

HARRIS
There's no time to worry about that now...if she gets up there...

CONTINUED: 2

WHISKERS
It could be the end of everything...

Harris strides toward the tower, as the rain pors and the lightning shoots down from the sky and the thunder booms. Debbie is halfway up the tower. Harris painfully grabs hold of one rung of iron latticework after another. Down below, Jennifer and Jack run to the base of the tower and, shielding their eyes from the rain, watch the pursuit. Harris slips for a second then catches himself. By dint of superhuman effort, he starts to gain on her...Debbie keeps climbing, humming the tune to the Jeanette MacDonald song we heard her sing at the beginning of the film. She is distracted by a noise, a voice, Harris'

HARRIS
Dallas...give it up!

She looks over her shoulder.

DEBBIE
Get a life, cop.

HARRIS
You're gonna wreck everything.

DEBBIE
Are you kidding? I'm on top of the world.

Harris pulls his revolver out, aims and fires, but Debbie's body goes graphic. She laughs contemptuously. Then, as her body goes entirely graphic for a second, she sends her free arm down in a wildly elongated fashion, so that it has the length and flexibilty of ten yards of rope. When the arm reaches Harris it warps around him...Debbie's body is now a monstrously misshapen version of itself, and a beat before the next moment of action, the fountain pen falls out of one of her pockets...we follow it on its several hundred foot drop, landing in the dirt, next to Jack and Jennifer, but they are fixated on the struggle...

JACK
Oh man...Harris...hold on please...

Debbie's octopus-like arm is wrapping around Harris, pulling his hands away from their grip on the latticework...

HARRIS
You're doomed Dallas!

DEBBIE
Speak for yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

She unwraps her arm with an instantaneous snap of a rubber band, he is detached from the side of the tower, he tries for an insane moment to maintain his balance like a silent film comedian reaching for something to hold on to, but he can't make it, and he falls screaming to the ground. Jennifer shrieks as Harris lands near them. She runs toward the body. Jack starts in that direction too, he is stopped by the voice of Whiskers.

WHISKERS
It's up to you now...

JACK
Up to me...look at me...I'm a mess...

WHISKERS
Jack...this is your chance to make it right.

Nails materializes out of the fountain pen. Jack is stunned. Nails sees Jennifer leaning over the body of Harris, he scampers over to his dead friend.

NAILS
Boss...what happened to ya...
(looking at his surroundings)
We're a long way from home, ain't we?

Whiskers calls out to Jack...

WHISKERS
There's no time to stop and think and there's no one else but you who can stop a mutant like her...Jack ...you wanted to create a world ...now do the next best thing... save one...ours!

JACK
What's going to happen to me...

WHISKERS
I wish I knew...

Jack stares over at Harris, up at Debbie climbing towards the top...looks at Whiskers, winks at him.

JACK
Okay...I do something right for once.

CONTINUED: 4

He stares intently at his arms as they go graphic. He throws an arm skyward, and doodle like it becomes this long grappling rope that yanks him a hundred feet in the air. He pulls himself up with furious effort by that arm, to gain that hand on the first tier of the bridge. He looks down stunned at how high he is...He repeats the trick...He's scaling the bridge tower. Jennifer leaves Harris, stunned at the sight of Jack making it up the tower. She stands near Whiskers.

WHISKERS
Miss, that pen...if you could pick it up...

Jennifer looks at him in shock...

JENNIFER
He's going to kill himself...he's crazy to go up there.

Whiskers looks at her impatiently...

WHISKERS
The pen...

JENNIFER
What's he doing...

WHISKERS
He's fulfilling his destiny...he's becoming a hero...

Jack continues up the tower, using his graphic body with great flexibility, closing the distance on Debbie, but Debbie is nearing the top.

JACK
Debbie...I'm coming after you ...you're not going to make it.

She looks back at him, tired, breathless, determined...

DEBBIE
Oh yeah...watch me...

She reaches the top of the tower. She is crawling over a narrow surface held together by an evenly spaced series of lugnuts, and Debbie (doodle now), starts unthreading...if Debbie gets to the end of this process, the whole bridge will fall apart, but she doesn't give a damn.

DEBBIE
It's here...it's one of these...

CONTINUED: 5

ON JACK, closing in on Debbie

JACK
I can't believe I'm doing this...

FINALLY Debbie finds the right rivet and yanks it out. As she pulls, it becomes a fluorescent blue spike.

DEBBIE
I got it!

THEN SOMETHING AWESOME HAPPENS!

An amazing gale force of energy, blowing in the direction of the two universes, explodes from the absent space that the spike occupied... Debbie is thrown back.

DEBBIE
No... No... No...

The energy transforms the waters of the San Francisco Bay... They go doodleish...Jennifer feels her arms and legs go graphic. The cars on the Bay Bridge careen out of control, their drivers strobing back and forth from doodle to real.

EXT. MAIN SQUARE OF THE COOL WORLD

The sky opens up and the same force has the reverse effect on Doodles, people dancing at the Slash Club become real for split seconds. Lonette, who is having a drink, listening to some sad song, sees her arms and legs go real for a moment.

INT. ISABELLE'S HOUSE - REAL WORLD

Isabelle turning and tossing in her sleep, wakes up and shrieks in horror at her doodle body.

EXT. MAIN DRAG OF COOL WORLD

All the people and the traffic are screaming and colliding. It's the end of the world as we know it.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Jack is approaching the eye of the hurricane. The energy burst is now SHREDDING DEBBIE DALLAS...bits and pieces of her are exploding into the oblivion of the bay below...the Spike flies out of Debbie's hand as Debbie's hand dematerializes, and it blows past Jack...on the ground, Whiskers' head is agog at the distant image of the Spike... Jennifer, who strobes back and forth in terror, shrieks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER
What's happening?!

Jack once more goes graphic, and we see his arm elongate the dozens of feet necessary to seize the Spike, it rubber bands back to him, and now using it as a shield, he charts the insanely difficult path back to the spot where the Spike belongs...The Spike is a shield that wards off the immense destructive powers emanating from the hole in the boundry between the two universes...down below, the chaos on the bridge increases, the bay waters circulate in bizarre iridescent cartoon colors...

INT. CRAZY EIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The revelers are shrieking and screaming and bumping into each other...

EXT. THE TOP OF THE BRIDGE

The girders are starting to come completely unhinged...Jack pushes the glowing Spike forward in a Herculean effort to replace the Spike as the bridge beneath him threatens to topple. The structure shakes and almost knocks him off... and just then he slam dunks the Spike back into its proper position...his hand, then arm, then torso and head are sucked with the imploding energy into the tunnel the Spike protects...

EXT. TUNNEL BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

Jack's body is rolling and turning, blasted by a superhuman wind...all the colors of both worlds are whirling around him, buffeting him...pushing him...

EXT. BELOW THE BRIDGE

Jennifer shrieks.

JENNIFER
Jack...

EVERYWHERE

The Slash Club and the Main Street of the Cool World, the bay waters, the bridge traffic, the Golden Eight Club, Isabelle in the real world...

ALL RETURN IN SUCCESSION TO THEIR RESPECTIVELY APPROPRIATE SHAPE...

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Jennifer staring up at the bridge.

JENNIFER
He's gone...he's...

WHISKERS
Dead? I don't know for sure but I don't think so...I think the Spike protected him from the force that destroyed that other creature... please help me...the pen...

JENNIFER
Oh...I'm sorry...of course.

She releases the ink lever and Whiskers' body melts out onto the ground. It crawls to join his head.

WHISKERS
That was a particularly disagreeable experience.

They join Nails who is weeping over Harris.

WHISKERS
I'm sorry he didn't make it.

NAILS
I gotta take him back with me...there's a nice gal back there...she deserves to see him, dead or alive...

Jennifer reels at the stunning fact that she is talking to cartoons...

JENNIFER
Mr. Nails...it's really real this place you come from where cartoons live and have feelings and lives just like us...it's all true...

NAILS
Yeah Miss...it's all true...

Nails looks at Whiskers and then picks up Harris' body...

NAILS
Okay, Doc, let her rip...

CUT TO:

EXT. COOL WORLD - IN FRONT OF THE SLASH CLUB - (ANIMATED) - NIGHT

Doodles spill out of the Slash Club, celebrating their return to full doodlehood. Lonnette, however, does not share the general joy. Nails appears cradling Harris.

LONETTE
Oh, Nails...

NAILS
He didn't make it, I'm sorry.

LONETTE
(tearful)
Frank, honey...you can't leave me.

Lonette takes Harris in her arms and holds him. A long beat.

LONETTE
How'd it happen?

NAILS
He was pushed off a bridge.

ON HARRIS

Lonette cradles him. For a moment we see his hand flicker and move.

NAILS
I think he just moved.

LONETTE
(quickly)
Who pushed him?

NAILS
Debbie Dallas.

LONETTE
Was she a doodle when she aced him?

Nails is puzzled.

NAILS
Yeah...so what?

Nails kneels next to Lonette and Harris. Smiles. Slowly, Harris metamorphoses. His wounds disappear on the now Doodle body that he has become.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONETTE
What happens to noids who traffic in the Cool World...killed by a doodle...BECOME A DOODLE.

Harris' eyes open. Lonette's radiant face, tearful with joy is the first thing he sees. Harris looks at his new Doodle body in awe and wonder.

HARRIS
Honey...is that you? What happened? The last thing I knew...

LONETTE
Oh Baby, you're home...you're with me.

They kiss warmly, passionately. Harris gets to his feet. He loves being a Doodle. He leaps ten feet in the air and lands softly with a grin.

HARRIS
Debbie?

NAILS
She got what she asked for.

LONETTE
Ya deserve a medal, Harris, ya saved the universe.

HARRIS
It wasn't me...it was somebody else.

On this we PAN UP to the Heavens and...

EXT. THE FOURTH DIMENSION

CLOSE UP

JACK'S FACE WITH A BLANK EXPRESSION The camera pulls away to reveal the loner in an extraordinary landscape, a desert but not like any desert you have ever seen before. Pink sand. He looks around him, touches his arm and notices its solidity.

JACK
Hmm...feels...pretty real.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks a few steps and comes on some water...He goes to the water and cups his hands and gently pours some of it on him (it's blue water)...It refreshes him as regular water never has...

JACK
Well...let's see what's next...

And he heads off into the strange featureless future.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRIS' SEEDY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Light from the Cool World moon shines through the window. We see Lonette proffering the fully doodleized Harris another glass of scotch. She begins to rub his back, but Harris spins her around onto his lap and they kiss passsionately. This time it's for real.

EXT. REAL WORLD - NIGHT (LIVE ACTION)

Isabelle's house.

INT. ISABELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In the sky over Isabelle's house there is lightning. The clouds swirl. Jennifer awakens. She goes to her window and looks out quizzically.

JENNIFER
Jack?

She climbs into some clothes.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

She runs out of her house in the dark of night across the street to:

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE/BOARDED UP - NIGHT

The house is empty and deserted. She climbs to the old work room. Suddenly, the room is lit by a violent electrical charge...In the center of the room, a comic book materializes...It has entirely new characters, but a figure obviously based on Jack is one of them. It is called BEYOND THE COOL WORLD - ADVENTURES IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION. Jennifer sheds a tear of joy as she turns the pages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER
He's alive.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We crane back as Jennifer carries the book back toward her house under the starry sky.

THE END

FADE OUT: